LIBRARY
ANNEX
2

P2 +
1603 a

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A.258345 13/XI/11

1357

Ap 4 - '40

LIBRARY ANNEX

AUG 21 1991

AUG 1 2001

Cornell University Library
PR 1261.P2 1603a

Patient Grissill,

3 1924 013 325 265

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

Date of the first known edition, ... 1603

(*British Museum. C* 3. *a.* 19.)

Entered in Henslowe's Diary 1599

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

Fs

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

A.L.B.R.A.I.E

Patient Grissill

BY

"HENRY CHETTLE, WILLIAM HAUGHTON AND THOMAS DEKKER"

1603

The original of this facsimile is, as stated, in the British Museum. Collier, in 1841, *in the introduction to his reprint for the Shakespeare Society, said the play possessed "almost the rarity of a manuscript:" there was, he said, no copy in the British Museum; none at Cambridge; the only other public library that contained it was the Bodleian; the only private collection that of the Duke of Devonshire. Collier possessed an imperfect copy given him by the Duke. Notwithstanding this, the press-mark of the present B.M. copy shows that the book came to the Museum in the King's Library, "presented" by George IV. in* 1823. *Furthermore, the Roxburghe arms stamped on the covers and on the back of the title-page indicate that the book passed into the Royal Library at the sale of the 3rd Duke of Roxburghe's library in* 1812. *So, Collier was wrong; even as the departmental assistant of the B.M. is now wrong in allowing the statement to pass in the General Catalogue that "there appear to be only two copies extant.*

Also, there is a note on one of the fly-leaves at the beginning: "The only copy extant. I.B. 1788." *Below this is a pencilled note: "I have seen another Copy but it was imperfect. G. N." The identity of both "I.B." and "G.N." is unknown."*

According to "Henslowe's Diary" the authors were "Chettle, Haughton and Dekker," for whose records see "The Dictionary of National Biography." The entry occurs under date of 19*th December,* 1599. *It was entered on the Stationers' Registry for publication in the following March.*

Across the title page is what purports to be the autograph of "William Shakespeare." Opposite the title-page appears in pencil the following note by the late Dr. Garnett:—"The signature on the title-page has been submitted to Mr. Bond, who pronounces it to be spurious, and adds that it strongly resembles those in the Ireland forgeries. R. G. Oct. 28, 1869."

A comparison of this facsimile with the original shows that the reproduction is (says Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum) "altogether admirable, reproducing the varying degrees of clearness or faintness of the type with almost unfailing accuracy; and indicating, without exaggerating, the occasional yellow stains: e.g. Bi. *recto,* Ii. *verso,* Iii. *recto—are excellent facsimiles of difficult pages."*

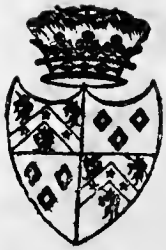
JOHN S. FARMER.

THE PLEASANT COMODIE OF Patient Grisfill.

As it hath beene sundrie times lately plaid by the right honorable the Earle of Nottingham (Lord high Admirall) his seruants.

W Williams Shakespeare

LONDON.
Imprinted for Henry Rocket, and are to be solde at the long Shop vnder S. Mildreds Church in the Poultry.
1603.



The pleasant Commœdye of Patient Grissill.

Enter the Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, and huntsmen: all like Hunters. A noyse of hornes within.

Marquesse.

LOoke you so strang my hearts, to see our limbes
Thus suited in a Hunters liuery?
Oh tis a louely habite, when greene youth
Like to the flowry blossome of the spring,
Conformes his outward habite to his minde,
Looke how yon one eye'd wagoner of heauen,
Hath by his horses fiery winged howes,
Burst ope the melancholy Jayle of Night,
And with his gilt beames cunning Alchimy,
Turn'd al these cloudes to gold, who (with the winds)
Upon their misty shoulders bring in day:
Then sally not this morning with foule lookes,
But teach your Iocond spirits to ply the Chase,
For hunting is a sport for Emperors.

Pau. We know it is, and therefore doe not throw
On these your pastimes, a contracted brow,
How swift youths Bias runs to catch delights,
To me is not vnknowne: no brother Gualther,

When you were woo'd by vs to choose a wife,
This day you vowed to wed: but now I see,
Your promises turne all to mockerie.
Lepi. This day your self appointed to giue answere
To all those neighbour-Princes, who in loue
Offer their Daughters, Sisters and Allies,
In marriage to your hand: yet for all this
The houre being come that calles you to your choyce
You stand prepard for sport and start aside:
To hunt poore deere when you should seeke a Bride.
Marq. Nay come Mario your opinion too,
Y'ad neede often men's wit that goes to woe.
Ma. First satisfie these Princes, who expect
Your gracious answere to their embassies,
Then may you freelie reuell: now you flie
Both from your owne vowes, & their amitie. (wife
Marq. How much your iudgmens erre: who gets a
Must like a huntsman beate vntrodden pathes,
To gaine the flying presence of his loue.
Looke how the yelping beagles spend their mouthes
So Louers doe their sighes: and as the deare,
Out-strips the actiue hound, & oft turnes backe
To note the angrie visage of her foe,
Who greedy to possesse so sweet a pray,
Neuer giues ouer till he seaze on her,
So fares it with coy dames, who great with scorne
Shew the care-pined hearts, that sue to them
Yet on that feined slight, (Loue conquering them)
They cast an eye of longing backe againe,
As who would say, be not dismaid with frownes,
For though our tongues speake no: our hearts sound
Or if not so, before theile misse their louers, (yea,
Their swet breathes shal perfume the Amorous ayre
And braue them still to run in beauties Chase:
Then can you blame me to be hunter like,
When I must get a wife: but be content,
So

So yo'ule ingage your faith by othe to vs,
Your willes shall answere mine, my liking yours,
And that no wrinckle on your cheekes shall ride,
This day the Marquesse vowes to choose a bride.
Pa. Euen by my honor,
Marq. Brother be aduis'd,
The importunitie of you and these,
Thrusts my free thoughts into the yoake of loue,
To grone vnder the loade of marriage,
Since then you throwe this burthen on my youth
Sweare to me whome soeuer my fancie choose,
Of what discent, beautie or birth she be,
Her you shall like and loue as you loue me: (please,
Pa. Now by my birth I sweare, wed whome you
And Ile imbrace her with a brothers arme.
Lepi. Mario and my selfe to your faire choice,
Shall yeeld all duties and true reuerence.
Marq. Your protestations please me Iollilie,
Lets ring a hunters peale, and in the eares
Of our swift forrest, Cittizens proclaime,
Defiance to their lightnes: our sports done,
The Venison that we kill shall feast our bride,
If she prouebad, ile cast all blame on you,
But if sweet peace succeede this amorous strife,
Ile say my wit was best to choose a wife. Exeunt.

As they goe in, hornes sound & hollowing within: that done, Enter Ianicolo, Grissil, and Babulo, with two baskets begun to be wrought.

Bab. Olde Master heeres a morning able to make vs worke tooth and nalle (marrie then we must haue victualls) the Sun hath plaid boe peep in the element anie time these two houres, as I doe some mornings wht you cal: what Babulo say you: heere Master say I and then this eye opens, yet don is the mouse, lie still:
 what

what Babulo sayes Griffil, anone say I, and then this eye lookes vp, yet downe I snug againe: what Babulo say you againe, and then I start vp, and see the Sunne, and then sneeze, and then shake mine eares, and then rise, and then get my breakfast, and then fal to worke, and then wash my hands, and by this time I am ready: heer's your basket, and Griffil heer's yours.

Ian. Fetch thine owne Babulo lets ply our busines.

Bab. God send me good lucke Master.

Gri. Why Babulo, what's the matter?

Bab. God forgiue mee, I thinke I shall not eate a pecke of salt: I shall not liue long sure, I should be a rich man by right, for they neuer doe good deedes, but when they see they must dye, and I haue now a monstrous stomacke to worke, because I thinke I shall not liue long.

Ian. Goe foole, cease this vaine talke and fall to worke.

Bab. Ile hamper some body if I dye, because I am a basket maker. Exit.

Ian. Come Griffill, worke sweet girle, heere the warme Sunne will shine on vs,
And when his fires begin,
We'll cole our sweating browes in yonder shade.

Gri. Father, me thinkes it doth not fit a maide,
By sitting thus in view, to draw mens eyes
To stare vpon her: might it please your age,
I could be more content to worke within.

Ian. Indeed my childe, mens eyes do now adaies,
Quickly take fire at the least sparke of beauty,
And if those flames be quencht by chast disdaine,
Then their inuenom'd tongues (alacke) doe strike,
To wound her fame whose beauty they did like.

Gri. I will auoide their darts and worke within.

Ian. Thou needst not, in a painted coate goes sin,

And

And loues those that loue pride; none lookes on thee,
Then keepe me companie: how much vnlike
Are thy desires to manie of thy sex?
How manie wantons in Saliuia,
Frowne like the sullen night, when their faire faces
Are hid within doores: but got once abroad,
Like the proud Sun they spred their staring beames,
They shine out to be seene, their loose eyes tell,
That in their bosomes wantonnes doe dwell:
Thou canst not doe so Grissill, for thy Sun,
Is but a Starre, thy Starre, a sparke of fire,
Which hath no power t'inflame doting desire:
Thy silkes are thrid-bare russets: all thy portion
Is but an honest name: that gon thou art dead,
Though dead thou liu'st, that being vnblemished.
Gris. If to die free from shame be nere to die,
Then Ile be crowned with immortallitie. (soule
Ian. Pray God thou maist: yet childe my iealous
Trembles through feares, so often as mine eyes
Sees our Duke court thee: and when to thine eares
He tunes sweet loue-songs: oh beware my Grissill
He can prepare his way with gifts of golde,
Vpon his breath, winged Promotion flies
Oh my deare Girle trust not his sorceries,
Did he not seeke the shipwracke of thy fame?
Whie should he send his tailors to take measure
Of Grissils bodie: but as one should say,
If thou wilt be the Marquesse concubine,
Thou shalt weare rich attires: but they that thinke,
With costly garments, sins blacke face to hide,
Weare naked brauerie and ragged pride. (feares
Gris. God father doe not shake your age with
Although the Marquesse sometimes visit vs,
Yet all his words and deedes are like his birth,
Steept in true honor: but admit they were not,
Before my soule looke black with speckled sinne,
My

My hands shal make me pale deathes vnderling,
Ian. The musick of those words sweetē mine eares
Come girls lets faster worke: time apace weares.

Enter Babulo with his worke.

Gris. Come Babulo why hast thou staid so long?
Ba. Nay why are you so short, Maisters heeres money I tooke (since I went) for a cradle: this yeare I thinke be leape yeare, for women doe nothing but buy cradles, by my troth I thinke the world is at an end, for as soone as we be borne we marrie: as soone as we marrie we get children, (by hooke or by crooke gotten they are) children must haue cradles, and as soone as they are in them, they hop out of thē, for I haue seene little girls that yesterday had scarce a hand to make them ready, the next day had worne wedding rings on their fingers, so that if the world doe not ende, we shall not liue one by another: basket making as all other trades runs to decay, and shortly we shall not be worth a butten, for non in this cutting age sowe true stitches, but taylers and shoomakers, & yet now and then they tread their shooes a wrie too.
Ia. Let not thy tongue goe so: sit downe to worke
And that our labour may not seeme to long,
Weele cunningly beguile it with a song.
Ba. Doe master for thats honest cousonage.

The Song.

Song Art thou poore yet hast thou golden Slumbers:
Oh sweet content!
Art thou rich yet is thy minde perplexed?
Oh punnishment.
Dost thou laugh to see how fooles are vexed?
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers.
O sweet content, o sweet &c.

Foote Worke

Foote Worke apace, apace, apace, apace:
Honest labour beares a lovely face,
Then hey nonny, nonny: hey nonny, nonny.

Canst drinke the waters of the Crisped spring,
O sweet content!
Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sinck'st in thine owne teares,
O punnishment.
Then hee that patiently wants, burden beares,
No burden beares, but is a King, a King.
O sweet content, &c.
Foot. Worke apace, apace, &c.

Enter Laureo.

Ba. Sleep master, yonder comes your Sonne
Ian. Laureo my Sonne: oh heauen let thy rich hand
Poure plentious shewers of blessing on his head.
Lau. Treble the number fall vppon your age,
Sister?
Gri. Deare brother Laureo welcome home.
Ba. Master Laureo) Ianiculaes sonne) welcome home, how doe the nine muses, Pride, couetousnes, enuie, sloth, wrath, gluttonie and letcherie: you that are Schollers, read how they doe.
Lau. Muses: these (foole) are the seauen deadly sins.
Ba. Are they: Mas me thinkes its better seruing thē, then your nine muses, for they are starke beggers.
Ian. Often I haue wisht to see you heere,
Lau. It grieues me that you see me heere so soone.
Ian. Why Laureo dost thou grieue to see thy father, Or dost thou scorne me for my poueritie.
Ba. He needes not, for he lookes like poore Iohn himselfe, eight to a necke of Mutten, is not that your commons, & a Cue of breade?
Lau. Father I grieue my young yeares to your age, Should adde more sorrowe.

Ian. Why sonne whats the matter?

Lau. That which to thinke on makes me desperate.
I that haue chargd my friends, and from my father
Pauld more then he could spare, I that haue liud,
These nine yeares at the Vniuersity,
Must now for this worlds deuill: this angell of golde,
Haue all those daies and nights to beggerie solde,
Through want of money, what I want I musse,
Who is more scorn'd then a poore scholler is?

Bab. Yes three things: Age, wisdome, & basket ma-
Gri. Brothers whatmeanes these words? (kers

Lau. Oh I am mad.
To thinke how much a Scholler vndergoes,
And in th'ende reapes naught but pennurie.
Father I am inforced to leaue my booke,
Because the studie of my booke doth leaue me,
In the leane armes of lancke necessitie,
Hauing no shelter (ah me) but to flie
Into the sanctuarie of your aged armes.

Bab. A trade, a trade, follow basket-makeing, leaue bookes and turne block-head.

Ian. Peace fole, welcome my sonne, thogh I am poore
My loue shall not be so: goe daughter Grissill,
Fetch water from the spring to seeth our fish,
Which yester day I caught: the cheare is meane,
But be content, when I haue solde these Baskets,
The monie shall be spent to bid thee welcome:
Grissill make hast, run and kindle fire, Exit. Grissill.

Ba. Goe Grissill Ile make fire, and scoure the kettle,
its a hard world when schollers eate fish vpon flesh daies

Lau. Ist not a shame for me that am a man, (Exit. Ba.
Nay more, a scholler to endure such neede,
That I must pray on him, whome I should feede? (woe

Ian. Nay grieue not Sonne, better haue felt worse
Come sit by me while I worke to get bread,
And Grissill spin vs yearne to cloath our backs.

Thou-

Thou shalt reade doctrine to vs for the soule,
Then what shall we there want, nothing my sonne
For when we cease from worke euen in that while,
My song shall charme grieses eares and care beguile.

Enter Grissill running with a Pitcher.

Gris. Father as I was runaing to fetch water,
I saw the Marquesse with a gallant traine
Come riding towards vs, O see where they come.

Enter Marquesse, Pauia, Mario, Lepido, two Ladies and some other attendants.

Mar. See where my Grissill, and her father is,
Me thinkes for beautie shining through those weedes,
Seemes like a bright starre in the sullen night.
How louely pouertie dwels on her backe,
Did but the proud world note her as I doe,
She would cast off rich robes, for sweare rich state,
To cloth them in such poore abiliments,
Father good fortune euer blesse thine age.
Ian. All happines attend my gracious Lorde.
Marq. And what wish you faire Maide?
Gris. That your high thoughts.
To your contentment may be satisfied.
M r, Thou wouldst wish soe, knewst thou for what I (come
Brother of Pauia beholde this virgin,
Mario Lepido is she not faire?
Pa. Brother I haue not seene so meane a creature,
So full of beautie.
Mar. Were but Grissils birth,
As worthie as her forme, she might be held
A fit companion for the greatest state.
Lau. Oh blindnes, so that men may beautie finde,
They nere respect the beauties of the minde,

 Marq. Father

Mar. Father Ianicola whats hee that speakes
Ian. A poore despised scholler and my Sonne.
Mar. This is no time to holde dispute with schollers
Tell me in faith olde man what doth thou thinke,
Because the Marquesse visits thee so oft?
Ian. The will of Princes subiects must not serch,
Let it suffice, your grace is welcome hither.
Marq. And ile requite that welcome if I line,
Grissill suppose a man should lone you dearely,
As I know some that doe, would you agree
To quittance true affection with the like.
Gri. None is so fond to fancie pouertie.
Mar. I say there is: come Lords stand by my side,
Nay brother you are sped and haue a wife,
Then giue vs leaue that are all Batchelers,
Now Grissil, eye vs well and giue your verdicte,
Which of vs three you holde the proprest man,
Gri. I haue no skill to iudge proportions.
Marq. Nay then you iest, women haue eagles eyes,
To prie euen to the heart, and why not you?
Come, we stand fairely, freely speake your minde,
For by my birth, he whome thy choice shall blesse,
Shall be thy husband.
Mar. What intends your grace?
Lepi. My Lord I haue vowed to leade a single life,
Marq. A single life? this cunning cannot serue,
Doe not I know you loue her I haue heard?
Your passions spent for her, your sighes for her,
Mario to the wonder of her beautie,
Compiled a Sonnet.
Mar. I my Lord write sonnets?
Marq. You did intreate me to intreate her father,
That you might haue his daughter to his wife.
Lep. To anie one I willingly resigne,
All interest in her, which doth looke like mine,
Mar. My Lorde I sweare the nere shall be my bride,

I hope sheele sweare so too being thus denide,
Marq. Both of you turn'd Apostatacs in loue,
Nay then Ile play the cryer: once, twice, thrice,
Speake or shee's gone els: no, since twill not be,
Since you are not for her, yet shee's for me.
Pau. What meane you Brother?
Marq. Faith no more but this:
By loues most wondrous Metamorphosis,
To turne this Maide into your Brothers wife,
Nay sweet heart looke not strange I doe not iest,
But to thine eares mine Amorous thoughts impart,
Gualter protests he loues thee with his heart,
Lau. The admiration of such happines,
Makes me astonisht.
Gris. Oh my gracious Lord,
Humble not your high state to my lowe birth,
Whome not worthy to be held your slaue,
Much lesse your wife.
Marq. Grissill that shall suffice,
I count thee worthie: olde Lincola,
Art thou content that I shall be thy Sonne?
Ian. I am vnworthy of so great a good.
Marq. Tush tush talk not of worth, in honest tearmes
Tell me if I shall haue her? for by heauen
Vnlesse your free consent alowe my choice,
To win ten kingdomes Ile not call her mine.
Whats thy Sonnes name?
Ian. Laureo My gracious Lord.
Marq. Ile haue both your consents: I tell ye Lords,
I haue wooed the virgin long, oh manie an houre,
Haue I bin glad to steale from all your eyes,
To come disguis'd to her: I sweare to you,
Beautie first made me loue, and vertue woe,
I lou'd her lowlynes, but when I tride
What vertues were intempled in her breast,
My chast hart swore that she should be my bride

Say Father, must I be forsworne or noe?
Ian. What to my Lord seames best to me seames so
Marq. Laureo whats your opinion?
Lau. Thus my Lorde.
If equall thoughts durst both your states conferre,
Her's is to lowe, and you to high for her,
Marq. What saies faire Griffill now?
Gris. This doth she say,
As her olde Father yeeldes to your dread will,
So she her fathers pleasure must fulfill.
If olde Ianicola make Griffill yours,
Griffill must not deny, yet had she rather,
Be the poore Daughter still of her poore Father.
Marq. Ile gild that pouertie, and make it shine,
With beames of dignitie: this base attire,
These Ladies shal teare of, and decke thy beautie
In robes of honour, that the world may say,
Vertue and beautie was my bride to day.
Mar. This meane choice, will distaine your noblenes
Marq. No more Mario then it doth disgrace
The Sunne to shine on me.
Lep. Shee's poore and base.
Marq. Shee's rich: for vertue beautifies her face.
Pau. What will ỳ world say when the trump of fame
Shall sound your high birth with a beggers name?
Marq. The world still lookes a squint, & I deride
His purblind iudgement; Griffill is my Bride,
Ianicola, and Laureo: father, brother,
You and your Son grac'd with our royall fauour,
Shall liue to outwcare time in happines.

Enter Babulo.

Ba. Master I haue made a good fire: fetche Griffill, the (ti)he
Ian. Fall on thy knees thou fogle: see heeres our duke
Ba. I haue not offended him, therefore Ile not ducke
and

and he were ten Dukes.
Ile kneele to none but God and my Prince.
Lau. This is thy Prince, be silent Babulo.
Bab. Silence is a vertue, marie tis a dumbe vertue: I loue vertue that speakes, and has a long tongue like a belweather, to leade other vertues after: if he be a Prince, I hope hee is not Prince ouer my tongue, snailes, wherefore come all these: Master heeres not fish enough for vs, Sirha Grissill the fire burnes out.
Marq. Tell me my loue what pleasant fellow is this?
Gris. My aged Fathers seruant my gracious Lorde.
Bab. How, my loue: master a worde to ỳ wise, scilicet me my loue. Marq. Whats his name,
Bab. Babulo Sir is my name.
Marq. Why dost thou tremble so? we are al thy friends
Bab. Its hard sir for this motley Jerkin, to find friendship with this fine doublet.
Marq. Ianicola bring him to Court with thee.
Bab. You may be asham'd to lay such knauish burden vppon olde ages shoulders: but I see they are stooping a little, all crie downe with him: He shall not bring me sir, ile carrie my selfe.
Marq. I pray thee doe, Ile haue thee line at court,
Ba. I haue a better trade sir, basketmaking,
Marq. Grissill I like thy mans simplicitie,
Still shall he be thy seruant Babulo,
Grissill thy mistresse, now shall be my wife.
Bab. I thinke sir I am a fitter husband for her.
Marq. Why shouldst thou think, I wil make her rich
Bab. Thats al one sir, beggers are fit for beggers, gẽtlefolkes for gẽtlefolkes: I am afraid ỳ this wõder of ỳ rich louing ỳ poor, wil last but nine daies: old M bid this merrie gentlemã home to dinner, you shal haue a good dish of fish sir: thank him for his god wil to your daughter Gris. for ile be hãgd if he do not (as many rich cogging marchãts) now a daies doe when they haue got what they would,

giue

giue her the belles, let her flye.

Gri. Oh beare my Lord with his intemperate tongue

Marq. Grissill I take delight to heare him talke.

Bab. I, I, y'oare best take mee vp for your foole: are not you he, that came speaking for to Grissill heere, doe you remember how I knockt you once for offering to haue a licke at her lips.

Marq. I doe remember it and for thy paines,
A golden recompence ile giue to thee.

Bab. Why doe, and ile knock you as often as you list.

Marq. Grissill this merrie fellow shall be mine,
But we forget our selues, the daie growes olde.
Come Lords cheare vp your lookes & with faire smiles,
Grace our intended nuptials: time may come,
When all commaunding loue your hearts subdue,
The Marquesse may performe as much for you. Exeunt.

Enter Farneze, Vrcenze, and Rice meeting them running.

Far. Rice how now man? whether art ỹ gallopping?

Ric. Faith euen to finde a full maunger: my teeth water till I be mounching, I haue bin at the Cutlers, to bid him bring away Sir Owens rapier, and I am ambling home thus fast, for feare I am driuen to fast.

Vrc. But Sirha Rice, when's the day? will not thy master Sir Owen and Signior Emulo fight?

Ric. No, for Signior Emulo has warn'd my Master to the court of Conscience, and theres an order set downe, that the coward shall pay my Master good words weekelie, till tye debt of his choller be runne out.

Far. Excellent, but did not Emulo write a challenge to Sir Owen.

Rice. No he sent a terrible one, but hee gaue a sexton of a Church a groate to write it, and hee set his mark e to it,

it, for the gull can neither write nor reade.

Ric. Ha ha, not write and reade? why I haue seene him pul out a bundle of sonnets writen, & read them to Ladies.

Far. He got thē by heart Vrcenze, & so deceiu'd the poor soules: as a gallant whome I know, cozens others: for my briske spāgled babie wil come into a Stationers shop, call for a stoole and a cushion, and then asking for some greeke Poet, to him he falles, and there he grumbles God knowes what, but Ile be sworne he knowes not so much as one Character of the tongue.

Ric. Why then its greeke to him.

Far. Ha, ha, Emulo not write and read?

Ric. Not a letter and you would hang him.

Vrc. Then heele neuer be saued by his book.

Ric. No nor by his good workes, for heele doe none. Signiors both, I commend you to the skies, I commit you to God, adew.

Far. Nay sweet Rice a little more,

Ric. A little more will make me a great deale lesse, house keeping you know is out of fashion: vnlesse I ride post, I kisse the post: in a worde ile tell you all, challenge was sent, answered no fight, no kill, all friends, all fooles, Emulo coward, Sir Owen braue man, farewell, dinner, hungrie: little cheare, great great stomacke, meate meat, meate, mouth, mouth, mouth, adue, adue, adue. Exit.

Vrc. Ha, ha, adue Rice, Sir Owen belike keepes a leane kitchin.

Far. What els man, thats one of the miserable vowes he makes when hee's dubd: yet he doth but as manie of his brother knights doe, keepe an ordinarie table for him and his long coate follower.

Vrc. That long coate makes the master a little king, for whersoeuer his piece of a fouower comes hopping after him, hees sure of a double guarde.

Far. I le set some of the Pages vpon thy skirts for this

Vrc. I shall feele them no more then so many fleas,

therefore I care not: but Farneze youle prooue a most accomplisht corecombe.

Far. Oh olde touch lad, this yonker is right Trinidado pure lease Tobacco, for indeed hee's nothing purffe, reeke, and would be tried (not by God and his countrie) but by fire, the verie soule of his substance and needes would conuert into smoke.

Vrc. Hee's Steele to the backe you see, for he writes Challenges.

Far. True, and Iron to the head, oh theres a rich leaden mine all amongst his braines, if his skull were well digd, Sirha Vrcence, this is one of those changeable Silke gallants, who in a verie seruile pride, scorne alscholllers, and reade no bookes but a looking glasse, and speake no language but sweet Lady, and sweet Signior and chew between their teeth terrible words, as though they would coniure, as complement and Proiects, and Fastidious, & Capricious, and Misprizian, and the Sintheresis, of the soule, and such like raise veluet tearmes.

Vrc. What be the accontremets now of these gallats?

Far. Indeed thats one of their fustiã outlãdish phrases to, marrie sir their accontremets, are al ý fãtastickie fashions, ý can be taken vp, either vpõ trust or at second hand.

Vrc. Whats their quallities?

Far. None good, these are the best: to make good faces: to take Tobacco well, to spit well, to laugh like a wayting Gentlewoman, to lie well, to blush for nothing, to looke big vpon little fellowes, to scoffe with a grace, though they haue a verie filthie grace in scoffing, and for a neede to ride prettie and well.

Vrc. They cannot choose but ride well, because euerie good wit rides them.

Far. Heere's the difference, that they ride vpon horses, and when they are ridden they are spur'd for asses, so they can crie wighee and hollow kicking iade, they care not if they haue no more learning then a Iade.

Enter

Enter Emuloes Sir Owen talking, Rice after them eating secretly.

Vrc. No more of these Iadish tricks: heere comes the hobbie horse.

Far. Oh he would daunce a morrice rarely if hee were hung with belles. Vrc. He would iangle vilanously.

Far. Peace lets incounter them.

S. O. By God Sir Emuloes, sir Owen is clad out a crie becausis friends with her, for Sir Owen sweare, did her not sweare Rice? Ric. Yes forsooth. Spit out his meate.

S.Ow. By God is sweare terrible to knog her pade, and sling her spingle legs at plum trees, when her come to fall to her tagger and fencing trigs, yes faith and to breag her shins did her not Rice? Ric. Yes by my troth Sir.

S.Ow. By Gods vdge me is all true, and to giue her a great teale of blouddie nose, because Sir Emuloes you shallenge the prittish Knight, Rice you knowe Sir Owen shentleman first, and secondly knight, what apor ale you Rice, is shoke now? (man.

Ric. No sir I haue my fiue sences and am as wel as any

S.O. Well here is hand, now is mighty friends.

Emu. Sir Owen

Far. Now the gallimaufrie of language comes in.

Emu. I protest to you, the magnitude of my condolement, hath bin eleuated the higher to see you and my selfe, two gentlemen.

S.Ow. Nay tis well knowne Sir Owen is good shentleman, is not Rice? (words.

Ric. Ye that shall deny it Sir ile make him eate his

Emu. Good friend I am not in the Negatiue, bee not so Capzichious, you mispzize me, my collocution tēdeth to S.Owens dignifiing.

Fra. Lets step in, God saue you Singnior Emulo.

Vrc. Well encountred S. Owen.

S.O. Owe, how do you S. Em. is frends out a cry now

but Emuloes take heede, you match no more loue trigs to widdow Gwenthyans, by God vrdge me, that doe so must knoge her, see you nowe?

Em Not so tempestious swæt knight: though to my disconsolation, I will obliuionize my loue to the welch widdowe, and doe heere proclaime my delinquishment, but sweet Signior be not to Diogenicall to me,

Sir O. Ya ha is knowenot what genicalls meane, but Sir Owen will genicall her, and her tag her genicalling Gwenthyan.

Far. Nay faith weele haue you sound friends indeede, otherwise you know, Signior Emulo, if you should beare all the wrongs, you would be our Athlasted.

Emu. Most true.

Sir O. By god is out a crio friends, but harg Farneze, Vrcenze tiwag a great teale to Emuloes: Ow. is great teale of frends: ha ha is tell fine admirable shest, by God Emuloes, for feare S. Owen, knog her shines, is tell, Sir Owen by tozen thentlemen her pooets is put about with lathes, ha, ha, serge her serge her.

Fa. No more tell Vrcenze of it: why should you two fall out for the loue of a woman, considering what store we haue of them? Sir Emulo I gratulate your peace, your company you know is precious to vs, and weele bee merrie, and ride abroad: before god now I talke of riding, Sir Owen me thinkes has an excellent boote.

Vrc. His leg graces the boote.

S.Ow. By God is fine leg and fine poote to: but Emulas leg is petter, and finer, and shenglier skin to weare.

Emu. I bought them of a pennurious Cordwainer, & they are the most incongruent that ere I ware.

S.Own. Congruent? sploud what leather is congruent, spanish leather?

Emu. Ya ha, well Gentlemen I haue other proiects becken for me, I must disgresse from this bias, and leaue you: accept I beseech you of this vulgar and domestick complement.

complement.

Whilst they are saluting, Sir Owen gets to Emuloes leg and puls downe his Boote.

Sir.O. Pray Emuloes let her see her congruence leather ha ha, owe what a por is heere: ha, ha is mag a wall to her shins, for keeb her warme?

Fa. Whats heer lathes? where's the lime & hair Emulo,

Ric. Oh rare, is this to saue his shins?

S.Ow. Ha, ha, Rice goe call Gwenthyan,

Ric. I will master dahoma, Gewnthyan dahoma?

S.Ow. A pogs on her goe sedge her and call her within

Ric I am gone sir. Exit Rice.

Fa. Nay sir Owen what meane you?

S.Ow. By Cod is meane ta let Gwenthyan see what bobie foole loue her, apogs on you.

Emu. Sir Owen and Signiors both, doe not expatiate my obloquie, my loue shall bee so fast conglutinated to you,

S.Ow. Cods plud, you call her gluttons, Gwenthyan, so ho Gwenthyan?

Emu. Ile not disgest this pill, Signiors adieu. You are Fastidious and I banish you. Exit Emulo.

Enter Gwenthyan.

Fa. Gods so, heere comes the widdow, but in faith Sir Owen say nothing of this.

S Ow. No goe to thē, by Cod Sir Owen beare as praue minde as Emprour.

Gwe. Who calles Gwenthyan so great teale of time?

Vrc. Sweet widdow euen your countrieman heere.

S.Ow. Belly the ruddo whee: wrage witho, Mandag eny Mou du ac whellock en wea awh.

Gwe. Sir Owen gramarrye whee; Gwenthyan Mandage

eny, ac wellock en Thawen en ryn mogh.

Far Mundage Thlawen, oh my good widdow gabble that we may vnderstand you, and haue at you.

S.Ow. Haue at her: nay by God is no haue at her to, Is tawge tn her prittish tongue, for tis fine delicates tongue, I can tell her. welshe tongue is finer as greeke tongue.

Far A bakte Neates tongue is finer then both.

S.Ow, But what saies Gwenthyans now? will haue Sir Owen, Sir Owen is knowne for a wiselie man, as any since Adam and Eues time, and that is by Gods vode me a great teale agoe.

Vre. I thinke Salomon was wiser then Sir Owen.

S.Ow. Salomons had prettie wit: but what say you to King Tauie: King Tauie is well knowne was as good musitions, as the pest fidler in aul Italie, and King Tauie was Sir Owens countrieman, yes truely a prettish shentlemen porne, and did twinckle, twinckle, twinckle, out a crie vpon welsh-harpe, and tis knowne Tauie loue Mistris Persabe, as Sir Owen loues Gwen hyan: will her haue Sir Owen now?

Far Faith widdow take him, Sir owen is a tall man I can tell you.

S.ow. Tall man, as God vnde mee, her thinke the prittish shentelman, is faliant as Mars that is the fine knaues, the poets say the God of pribless prables, I hope widdowe you see little more in Sir owen then in Sir Emuloes, say shal her? haue her now, tis faliant, as can desire, I warrant her.

Gw. Sir owen, Sir owen, tis not for faliant, Gwenthyan care so much, but for honest and fertuous, and loving and pundall to leade her haue her will.

S.owe. God vode mee, tage her away to her husband, and is led her haue her will owd a crie, yet by God is pridle her well enoughe.

Gw. Well S.owen, Gwenthyan is going to her cozen

Glualther

Gualther the Duke, for you knowe is her neere cozen by marriage, by tother husband that pring her from Wales.

ow. By Cod Wales is better countrie thon Italies, a great teale so better.

Gw. Now if her cozen Gwalther say Gwenthyan tage ths pritish knight, shall loue her diggon: but must haue her good will: marg your thad Sir owen.

ow. Owe whats else: Sir owen marg yt ferrewel, yet shall tage her downe quiglie inough, come widdowe will wag to the coward, now to her cozen, and bid her cozen tell her minde of Sir owen.

Gw. Poule man Gwenthyan Sir owen?

ow. Yes by Cod and prauely to, come Shentlemans you'le tag paines to goe with her?

Far. Weele follow you presently Sir owen.

S.ow. Come widdow: Vn loddis Glane Gwēthy ā mondu

Gw. Graimercie wheeh, Am a Mock honnoh. Exeunt.

Far. So this wil be rare: Sirrah Vrcenze, at the marriage night of these two, instrede of Io Hymen, we shall heere hey ho Hiemen, their loue will bee like a great fire made of bay leaues, that yeeldes nothing but cracking noise, noise.

Vrc. If she misse his crowne tis no matter for crack-(king,

Far. So she soader it againe, it will passe currant.

Enter Onophrio and Iulia walking ouer the *Stage*.

Vrc. Peace heere comes our faire mistris.

Far. Lets haue a fling at her.

Vrc. So you may, but the hardnes is to hit her.

Ono. Farewel Farneze you attēd wel vpō your mistris,

Iul. Nay, nay, their wages shall be of the same colour that their seruice is of.

Far. Faith mistris would you had trauelled a litile sooner this way, you should haue seene a rare comedy acted by Emulo.

Vrc. Cuerie

Vrc. Euerie courteous mouth will be a stage for that, rather tell her of the welch tragedie that's towards.

Iul. What Tragedie?

Far. Sir Owen shall marrie your couzen Gwenthyan.

Iul. Is possible: oh they two will beget braue warriours: for if she scolde heele fight, and if he quarrell theele take vp the bucklers: shee's fire and hee's brimstone, must not there be hot doeings then thinke you?

On. Theyle prooue Turtles, for their hearts being so like, they cannot choose but bee louing.

Iul. Turtles: Turkie-rocks, for Gods louelets intreate the Duke my brother, tomake a lawe, that wheresoeuer Sir Owen and his Ladie dwell, the nert neighbour may alwaies be Constable, least the peace bee broken, for theyl'e doe nothing but cryearme, arme, arme.

Far. I thinke sir Owen would die rather then lose her (loue

Iul. So thinke not I.

On. I should for Iulia, if I were Iulies husband.

Iul. Therefore Iulia shal not be Onophries wife, for Ile haue none die for me.

I like not that coloure.

Far. Yes for your loue you would Iulia.

Iul. No no, yet for my hate Farneze.

Vrc. Would you not haue men lone you sweet mistris?

Iul. No not I, fye vpon it sweet seruant.

On. Would you wish men to hate you?

Iul. Yes rather then loue me, of al saints I loue not to serue mistris Venus.

Far. Then I preciue you meane to leade apes in hell.

Iul. That spitefull prouerbe was proclaim'd against them that are marryed vpon earth, for to be married is to liue in a kinde of hell.

Far. I as they doe at barlibreake.

Iul. Your wife is your ape, and that heauie burthen wedlocke, your Iacke an Apes clog, therefore ile not bee tyed too't: Master Farneze, sweet virginitie is that

inuisible God-head that turns into Angells, that makes vs saints on earth and starres in heauen: heere Virgins seeme goodly, but there glorious: In heauen is no wooing yet all there are louely: in heauen are no weddings yet al there are louers.

On. Let vs sweet Madame turne earth into heauen, by being all louers heere to.

Iul. So we doe to an earthly heauen we turne it.

On. Nay but deare Iulia, tel vs why so much you hate, to enter into the lists of this same combat Martimonie?

Iul. You may well call that a combat, for indeede marriage is nothing else, but a battaile of loue, a friendly fighting, a kinde of fauourable terrible warre: but you erre Onophrio in thinking I hate it I deale by marriage as some Indians doe the Sunne, adore it, and reuerence it, but dare not stare on it, for feare I be starke blinde: you three are batchellers, and being sicke of this maidenhead, count al thinges bitter, which the phisicke of a single life minnisters vnto you: you imagine if you could mak the armes of faire Ladies the spheres of your hearts, good hearts, then you were in heauen: oh but Batchilers take heede, you are no sooner in that heauen, but you straite slip into hell.

Far. As long as I haue a beautifull Ladie to torment me, I care not.

Vrc. Nor I the sweetnes of her lookes shall make me relish any punnishment.

On. Except the punnishment of the horne Vrcenze, put that in.

Iul. Nay hee were best put that by: Lord, Lord, see what vnthrifts this loue makes vs: if he once but get into our mouthes, hee labours to turne our tongues to clappers, and to ring all in, at Cupids Church when we were better to bite off our tõgues, so we may thrust him out, Cupid is sworne enemie to time, & he that looseth time I can tell you looseth a friend.

Far. I, a bald friend.

Iu. Therefore my good seruants if, you weare my liuerie, cast of this loose vpper coate of loue: bee athamde to waite vppon a boy, a wag, a blinde boy, a wanton: My brother the Duke wants our companies, tis Idlenes and loue, makes you captaines to this solitarines, followe me & loue not, & ile teach you how to find libertie.

All. We obey to follow you, but not to loue you, no renounce that obedience. Exeunt

Enter the Marquesse and Furio.

Marq. Furio.

Fur. My Lorde.

Marq. Thy faith I oft haue tride, thy faith I credite
For I haue found it sollid as the rocke:
No babbling eccho sits vpon thy lips,
For silence euen in speach, doth seale them vp,
Wilt thou be trustie Furio to thy Lorde?

Fur. I will.

Marq. It is enough, those words I will,
Yeelds sweeter musicke then the gilded sounds,
Which chatting parrats long toung d sicophants,
Send from the organs of their siren voice,
Griffill my wife thou seest beare in her wombe,
The ioy of marriage: Furio I protest,
My loue to her is as the heate to fire,
Her loue to mée as beautie to the Sunne,
(Inseperable adiuncts) in one word,
So dearely loue I Griffill, that my life
Shall end, when she doth ende to be my wife.

Fur. Tis well done.

Marq. Yet is my bosome burnt vp with desires,
To trie my Griffil patience, Ile put on
A wrinckled forehead, and turne both mine eyes,
Into two balles of fire, and clasp e my hand

Like

Like to a mace of Iron, to threaten death.
But Furio when that hand lifts vp to strike,
It shall flie open to embrace my loue,
Yet Grissill must not knowe this: all my words,
Shall smack of wormewood, all my deeds of gall,
My tongue shall iarre, my hart be musicall,
Yet Grissill must not knowe this:

Enter Grissill.

Fur. Not for me,
Marq. Furio My triall is thy secrecie,
Ponder the comes: on goes this maske of frownes,
Tell her I am angrie: men men trie your wiues,
Loue that abides sharpe tempests, sweetely thriues.
Fur. My Lorde is angry.
Gris. Angry? the heauēs forefēd: with whō? for what?
Is it with mee?
Fur. Not me.
Gris. May I presume,
To touch the vaine of that sad discontent,
Which swels vpon my deare Lords angrie browe?
Marq. Away away,
Gris. Oh chide me not away,
Your handmaid Grissill with vnuered thoughts,
And with an vnrepining soule, will beare
The burden of all sorrowes, of all woe,
Before the smallest griefe should wound you so.
Marq. I am not beholding to your loue for this,
Woman I loue thee not, thine eyes to mine
Are eyes of Basiliskes, they murder me.
Gris. Suffer me to part hence, Ile teare them out,
Because they worke such treason to my loue.
Marq. Talke not of loue I hate thee more the poyson
That stickes vpon the aires infected winges,
Exhald vp by the hot breath of the Sunne,

Tis for thy sake that speckled infamie,
Sits like a screech-owl on my honoured brest,
To make my subiects stare and mocke at mee,
They sweare theyle neuer bend their awfull knees,
To the base issue of thy begger wombe,
Tis for thy sake they curse me, raile at me,
Thinkst thou then I can loue thee (oh my soule)
Why didst thou builde this mountaine of my shame,
Why lye my ioyes buried in Grissills name?

Gri. My gracious Lorde.

Marq. Call not me gracious Lorde,
See woman heere hangs vp thine auncestrie,
The monuments of thy nobillitie,
This is thy russet gentrie, coate, and crest
Thy earthen honors I will neuer hide,
Because this bridle shall pull in thy pride.

Gris. Poore Grissill is not proud of these attires,
They are to me but as your liuerie,
And from your humble seruant when you please,
You may take all this outside, which indeede
Is none of Grissills, her best wealth is neede,
Ile cast this gaynesse of, and be content
To weare this russet brauerie of my owne,
For thats more warme then this, I shall looke olde,
No sooner in course freeze then cloth of golde.

Marq. Spite of my soule theele triumph ouer mee.

Fur. Your gloue my Lord,

Marq. Cast downe my gloue againe,
Stoope you for it, for I will haue you stoope,
And kneele euen to the meanest groome I keepe.

Gris. Tis but my duetie if youle haue me stoope,
Euen to your meanest groome my Lord ile stoope.

Marq. Furio how slouenly thou goest attir'd?

Fur. Why so my lorde?

Marq Looke heere thy shooes are both vntide,
Grissill kneele you and tye them.

Fur. Pardon

Fur. Pardon me.
Marq. Quickely I charge you,
Gris. Friend you doe me wrong,
To let me holde my Lord in wrath so long,
Stand still Ile kneele and tye them: what I doe
Furio tis done to him and not to you. Tye them.
Fur. Tis so.
Marq. Oh strange oh admirall patience,
I feare when Grissills bones sleepe in her graue,
The world a second Grissill nere will haue,
Now get you in.
Gris. I goe my gracious Lord. Exit
Marq. Didst thou not here her sigh, did not one frown
Contract her beautious forehead.
Fur. I saw none
Marq. Did not one drop fal downe frõ sorrowes eies,
To blame my heart for these her iniuries?
Fur. Faith not a drop, I feare theele frowne on mee,
For doeing mee seruice?
Marq. Furio that ile trie,
My voice may yet ore-take her: Grissill, Grissill?

Enter Grissill.

Fur. She comes at first call.
Gris. Did my Lorde call?
Marq. Woman I cald thee not,
I said this slaue was like to Grissill, Grissill,
And must you therefore come to torture mee?
Nay stay here's a companion fit for you,
Thou dereft me, so doth this villaine to,
But ere the Sun to his highest throne ascend,
My indignation in his death shall end.
Gris. Oh pardone him my Lord, for mercies wings
Beares round about the world the fame of Kings,
Temper your wrath I beg it on my knee,

Forgiue

Forgiue his fault though youle not pardon mée,
Marq. Thanke her.
Fu. Thankes Madame.
Marq. I haue not true power,
To wound thée with deniall, oh my Griffill,
How dearely should I loue thee,
Yea die to doe thee good, but that my subiects
Vpbraid me with thy birth, and call it base,
And grieue to see thy Father and thy Brother
Heau'de vp to dignities.
Grif. Oh cast them downe,
And send poore Griffill poorely home againe,
High Cedars fall, when lowe shrubs safe remaine. Exit

Enter at the same doore Mario and Lepido.

Mari. Fetch me a cup of wine.
Fur. Shees a saint sure.
Marq. Oh Furio now Ile boast that I haue found,
An Angell vpon earth: she shalbe crown'd
The empresse of all women. Lepido?
Mario? what was she that passed by you?
Both. Your vertuous wife.
Marq. Call her not vertuous,
For I abhorre her, did not her swolne eyes
Looke red with hate or scorne? did she not curse
My name or Furioes name?
Mari. No my deare Lord.
Marq. For he and I raild at her, spit at her,
Ile burst her heart with sorrow', for I grieue
To see you grieue that I haue wrong'd my state,
By louing one whose basenes now I hate.
Enter Griffill with wine.
Come faster if you can forbeare Mario,
Tis but her office: what she does to mée,
She shall performe to any of you three, Ile drinke
Lep. I

Lep. I am glad to see her pride thus trampled downe
Marq. Now serue Mario, then serue Lepido:
And as you bowe to me, so bend to them.
Gris. Ile not denie't to win a diademe.
Mari. Your wisdome I commend, that haue ỳ power
To raise or throw downe as you smile or lower.
Gris. Your patience I commend that can abide,
To heare a flatterer speake yet neuer chide.
Marq. Hence, hence dare you controule thē whome I (grace
Come not within my sight.
Gris. I will obey,
And if you please, nere more beholde the day. Exit.
Marq. Furio?
Fur. My Lorde,
Marq. Watch her where she goes,
And marke how in her lookes this tryeall shewes.
Fur. I will. Exit.
Marq. Mario, Lepido, I loath this Grissill,
As sicke men loath the bitterest potion
Which the Phisitions hand holdes out to them,
For Gods sake frowne vpon her when she smiles,
For Gods sake smile for ioy to see her frowne,
For Gods sake scorne her, call her beggers brat,
Torment her with your lookes, your words your dēdes,
My heart shall leape for ioy, that her heart bleedes,
Wilt thou doe this Mario?
Mari. If you say.
Mario, doe this I must in it obey.
Marq. I know you must, so Lepido must you
Tis well; but counsell me whats best to doe,
How shall I please my subiects? doe but speake,
Ile doe it though Grissils heart in sunder breake.
Lepi. Your subiects doe repine at nothing more,
Then to beholde Ianicola her Father,
And her base brother lifted vp so high.
Mari. To banish them from Court were pollicie?

Marq. Oh

Marq. Oh rare, oh profound wisedome, deare Mario,
It forthwith shall be done, they shall not stay,
Though I may win by them a Kingdomes sway, Exit
Lep. Mario laugh at this.
Ma. Why so I doe.
Headlong I had rather fall to misetie.
Then see a begger rais'd to dignitie. Exeunt.

Enter Babulo singing with a boy after him.

Bab. Boy how fits my rapier: la sol la sol. &c.
Boy. It hangs as euen as a chandlers beame.
Bab. Some of them deserue to hang vpon a beame for that euennes, boy learne to giue euery man his due, giue the hangman his due, for hee's a necessary member.
Boy. Thats true, for he cuts of manie wicked mēbers.
Bab. Hees an excellent barber, he shaues most cleanly But page how dost thou like the Court?
Boy. Prettilie and so,
Bab. Faith so doe I pretlie and so: I am wearie of being a Courtiour Boy.
Boy. That you cannot bee Master, for you are but a Courtiers man.
Bab. Thou saist true & thou art the Courtiers mans boy, so thou art a courtier in decimo sexto in the least volume, or a courtier at the third hand, or a courtier by reuersion, or a courtier three descents remoued, or a courtier in minoritie or an vnder Courtier or a courtier in posse, and I thie Master in esse:
Boy. A posse an esse non este argumentum Master,
Bab. Thou hast to much wit to be so little, but imitation, imitation, is his good Lord and Master.

Enter Ianicola Laureo and Furio.

Iani. Banisht

Ian. Banisht from Court, oh what haue wee misdone?

Lau. What haue wee done, wee must bee thus disgraced?

Fu. I know not, but you are best packe, tis my Lords will, and thats law, I must vncase you: your best course is to fall to your owne trades.

Ba. Sirra, what art thou a Broker?

Fu. No, how then, I am a Gentleman.

Ba, Th'art a Iewe, th'art a Pagan: howe darst thou leaue them without a cloke for the raine, whē his daughter, and his sister, and my Mistris is the Kings wife?

Fu. Goe looke, sirra foole, my condition is to ship you too.

Bab. There's a ship of fooles ready to hoyst sayle, they stay but for a good winde and your company: ha ha ha, I wonder (if all fooles were banisht) where thou wouldst take shipping.

Ian. Peace Babulo, we are banisht from the Court.

Bab. I am glad, it shall ease me of a charge here, as long as we haue good cloathes on our backes, tis no matter for our honesty, wee'll liue any where, and keep Court in any corner.

Enter Griffill.

Ian. Oh my deere Griffill.

Gri. You from me are banisht,
But ere you leaue the Court, oh leaue I pray
Your griefe in Griffils bosome, let my cheekes
Be watred with woes teares, for here and here,
And in the error of these wandring eyes,
Began your distontent: had not I been,
By nature painted thus: this had not been,
To leaue the Court and care be patient,
In your olde cottage you shall finde content.
Mourne not because these silkes are taue away,

You'll seeme more rich in a course gowne of gray,

Fur. Will you be packing: when?

Lan. Friend whats thy name?

Fur. Furio my name is, what of that?

Bab. Is thy name Furie? thou art halfe hang'd, for thou hast an ill name.

Lau. Thy lookes are like thy name, thy name & lookes Approoue thy nature to be violent.

Gris. Brother forbeare, hee's seruant to my Lord.

Ba. To him, M. spare him not an inch.

Lau. Princes are neuer pleas'd with subiects sinnes,
But pitie those whom they are sworne to smite,
And grieue as tender mothers when they beate,
With kinde correction their vnquiet babes-
So should their Officers compassionate,
The misery of any wretches state.

Fur. I must obey my Master, though indeed
My heart (that seemes hard) at their wrongs doth bleed.
Pray get you gone, I say little, but you knowe my minde.

Bab. Little said is soone amended, thou say'st but little, and that little will be mended soone indeed, thats neuer, and so the Prouerbe stands in his full strength, power and vertue.

Enter Marquesse, Mario and Lepido, and attendantes.

Fur. They will not goe my Lord.

Marq. Will they not goe?
Away with them, expell them from our Court,
Base wretches, is it wrong to aske mine owne?
Thinke you that my affection to my wife,
Is greater then my loue to publicke weale?
Doe not my people murmure euerie houre,
That I haue rais'd you vp to dignities?

Does not lewde Minstrels in their tribalde rimes,
Scofe at her birth, and descant on her dower?

Jan. Alas my Lord, you knew her state before.

Marq. I did, and from the bounty of my heart,
I rob'd my wardrop of all precious robes,
That she might shine in beautie like the Sunne,
And in exchange, I hung this russet gowne,
And this poore pitcher for a monument,
Amongst my costliest Jewnies: see heere they hang,
Grissill looke heere, this gowne is vnlike to this?

Gris. My gratious Lord, I know full well it is.

Ba. Grissill was as pretty a Grissill in the one as in the other.

Marq. you have forgot these rags, this water pot.

Gris. With reuerence of your Highnes I haue not.

Ba. Nor I, many a good messe of water greewell has that yeelded vs.

Marq. Yes, you are proude of these your rich attyres.

Gris. Neuer did pride keep pace with my desires.

Marq. Wel, get you on, part briefly with your father.

Jan. Our parting shall be short, daughter farewell.

Lau. Our parting shall be short, sister farewell.

Fa. Our parting shall be short, Grissill farewell.

Jan. Remember thou didst liue when thou wert poor,
And now thou dost but liue, come sonne no more.

Marq. See them without the Pallace Furio.

Fu. Good, yet tis bad. Exeunt with Furio.

Ba. Shall Furio see them out of the Pallace? doe you turne vs out of doores? you turne vs out of doores then?

Marq. Hence with that foole, Mario driue him hence.

Ba. He shall not neede, I am no Ore nor Asse, I can goe without driuing, for al his turning, I am glad of one thing.

Lep. Whats that Babulo?

Bab. Mary that hee shall neuer hit vs ith teeth with turning vs, for tis not a good tuine, sollower I must leaue here you: I must giue ouer housekeeping, tis the fashion, farewell boy.

Boy. Marie farewell and be hang'd.

Ba. I am glad thou tak'st thy death so patiently, farewell my Lord, adue my Lady, great was the wisedome of that Taylor, that stitcht me in Bodley, for he's a fole that leaues basket making to turne Courtier: I see my destiny dogs me: at first I was a foole (for I was borne an Innocent) then I was a traueller, and then a Basket-maker, and then a Courtier, and now I mest turne basket-maker and foole againe, the one I am sworne to, but the foole I bestowe vpon the world, for Stultorum plena sunt omnia adue, adue. Exit.

Marq. Farewell simplicity, part of my shame farewell, Now Lady what say you of their exile?

Gri. What euer you thinke good, I'le not terme vile,
By this rich burthen in my worthyles wombe,
Your hand-maide is so subiect to your will,
That nothing which you doe, to her seemes ill.

Marq. I am glad you are so patient, get you in, Exit Gr.
Thy like will neuer be, neuer hath bin.
Mario, Lepido?

Mario, Lepi. My gratious Lord.

Mar. The hand of pouerty held downe your states,
As it did Grissils, and as her I rayl'd,
To shine in greatnes sphere, so did mine eye,
Through gilt beames of your births, therfore me thinkes
Your soule should sympathize, and you should know,
What passions in my Grissils bosome flowe,
Faith tell me your opinions of my wife?

Lep. She is as vertuous and as patient,
As innocence, as patience it selfe.

Mari. She merits much of loue, little of hate,
Onely in birth she is vnfortunate.

Mar. I,

Marq. I, I, the memory of that mirth doth kill me,
She is with childe you see, her trauaile past,
I am determined she shall leaue the Court,
And liue againe with olde Janicola.
Both. Therein you shew true wisedome.
Marq. Doe I indeed?
Deare friends it shall be done, Ile haue you two
Rumour that presently, to the wide eares
Of that neiwes-louing-heard the multitude,
Goe tell them for their sakes this shall be done.
Mari. With wings we flye.
Lep. Swifter then time we run. Exeunt.
Marq. Begone then: oh these times, these impious times,
How swift is mischiefe? with what nimble feets
Doth enuy gallop to doe iniury?
They both confesse my Grissils innocence,
They both admire her wondrous patience,
Yet in their malice and to flatter me,
Head-long they run to this impiety.
Oh whats this world, but a confused throng
Of fooles and mad men, crowding in a throng
To shoulder out the wise, trip downe the iust.
But I will try by selfe experience,
And shun the vulgar sentence of the base,
If I finde Grissill strong in patience,
These flatterers shall be wounded with disgrace,
And whilst verse liues, the fame shall neuer dye,
Of Grissils patience, and her constancy. Exit.

Enter Vrcenze and Onophrio at seuerall doores, and Farnezie in the mid'st.

Far. Onophrio and Vrcenze early met, euery man take his stand, for there comes a most rich purchase of mirth: Emulo with his hand in a faire scarfe, and Iulia

with him, she laughes apace, and therefore I am sure hee lyes apace.

Enter Emulo with Iulia.

Ono. His arme in a scarfe? has he been fighting?
Far. Fighting? hang him coward.
Vrc. Perhaps he does it to shew his scarfe.
Far. Peace, heere the asse comes, stand aside, and see him curuet.
Iul. Did my new maried cousen Sir Owen wound you thus?
Emu. Yee certes, as he is allyed to the illustrious Iulia, I sine his deuoted, as Signior Emulees enemy, no adulatory language can rederme him from vengeance: if you please my most accomplisht Mistris, I will make a most palpably demonstration of our battaile.
Iul. As palpably as you can good seruant.
Ono. Oh she gulles him simply.
Far. She has reason, is he not a simple gull?
Vrc. Sound an allarum ere his battle begin.
Farn. Peace, sa, sa, sa.
Emu. Sir Owen and my selfe encountring, I bailds my vpper garment, and enriching my head againe with a fine velvet cap, which I then wore, with a band to it of Orient Pearle and Golde, and a foolish sprig of some nine or ten pound price, or so, wee grewe to an emparlearce.
Far. Oh ho ho, this is rare.
Iul. You did wisely to conferre before you combated.
Emu. Verily we did so, but falling into the handes of bitter words, we retorted a while, and then drew.
Ono. True, his gloues to saue his hands.
Vrc. No, his hand-kercher to wipe his face.
Far. He sweat pittifully for feare, if it were true: if,

Emu. I was then encountred with a pure Toledo Mouered: and elenating mine arme, in the drawing (by Jesu sweete Madame, my rich cloake loaded with Pearle, which I wore at your sister Grissils bridall, I made it then (by God) of meere purpose, to grace the Court, and so forth) that foolish garment dropped downe: the buttons were illustrious and resplendant diamonds, but its all one.

Far. Nay, they were all scarce one.

Emu Diuine Lady as I said, we both lying,

Fa. I'e be sworne thou dost.

Emu. I must recognize and confesse, very generouslie, and heroycallie at our ward, the welsh Knight making a very desperate thrust at my bosome, before God fairely mist my imbroydered Jerkin that I then wore, and with my ponyard vaynlating and checking his engine downe, it cut mee a payre of very imperiall cloth of golde hose, at least thus long thwart the cannon, at least.

Iul. And mist your leg?

Fa. I, and his hose too.

Emu. And mist my leg (most bright starre) which auuantagious signe I ( ) this legge (hauing a fayre carnation silke stocking on) stumbled, my spangled garters in that impression fell about my feete, and he fetching a most valarous and ingenious carecre, insaded my Rapier hand, entred this gilded fort, and in that passado vulnerated my hand thus deepe I protest, and contest heauen.

Iul. No more, its too tragicall.

Emu. I conclude I thought (by the Syntheresis of my soule) I had not been imperished, till the bloud shewing his red tincture, at the top of a faire enneloped glouc, sunke along my arme, & spoil'd a rich waistcoate wrought in silke and golde, a toy &c.

Far. Yee'll

Far. Hee'll strip himselfe out of his shirt anone, for Gods sake step in.

Emu. My opinion is I shall neuer recuperate the legittimate office of this member my arme.

All 3. Signior Emulo,

Emu Sweet and accomplisht Signiors.

Far. Ha ha, Madame you had a pitiful hand with this foole, but see he is reconered.

Iu. But seruant where is your other hand?

Ono. See sweet mistris one is my prisoner.

Vrc. The other I haue tane vp with the fine finger.

Iul. Looke in his scarfe Farneze for an other, hee has a third hand, and tis pitifully wounded hee tels me, pitifully, pitifully.

Far. Wounded, oh palpable, come a demonstration of it.

Ono. Giue him your larded cloake Signior to stop his mouth, for he will vndoe you with lyes.

Vrc. Come Signior, one fine lye now to apparell all these former, in some light sarcenet robe of truth: none, none, in this mint?

Iul. Fye seruant, is your accomplisht Courtship nothing but lyes?

Ono. Fye Signior, no musicke in your mouth, but battles, yet a meere milke-sop.

Vrc. Fye Emulo, nothing but wardrop, yet heare all your trunckes of suites?

Far. Fye Signior, a scarfe about your necke, yet will not hang your selfe to heare all this?

Iul. Seruant I discharge you my seruice, Ile entertaine no braggarts.

Ono. Signior, we discharge you the Court, wee'l haue no gulles in our company.

Far. Abram we casheere you our company, wee must haue no munnions at Court.

Emu. My patience bee thou my fortification: Italy

thou

thou spurnest me for vttering that nutriment, which I suckt from thee.

Fa. How Italy? away you ideot: Italy infects you not, but your owne diseased spirits: Italy? out you froth, you scumme, because your soule is mud, and that you haue breathed in Italy, you'll say Italy haue defyled you: away you bore, thou wilt wallow in mire in the sweetest countrie in the world.

Emu. I cannot conceipt this rawnes: Italy farewell, Italians adue.
A vertuous soule abhorres to dwell with you. Exit.

All. Ha ha ha: Laugh.

Enter Marquesse and Sir Owen.

Iu. Peace seruants, here comes the Duke my brother.

Marq. Loe cousen heere they be: are yee heere Gentlemen?
And Iulia you too? then Ile call your eyes,
To testifie, that to Sir Meredith,
I doe deliuer heere foure sealed bondes:
Core haue a care to them, it much behoones you,
For Gentlemen, within this parchment lyes,
Fiue thousand Duckets payable to him,
Iust fourecrene daies before nert Penticoast,
Core it concernes you, therefore keep them safe.

Owen. Fugh, her warrant her shall log them bb from Sunne and Moone, and seauen starres too I hobe, but harg you cozen Marquesse.

Marq. Now, whats the matter?

Ow. A pore on it tis scalde matter, well, well pray cozen Marquesse, vse her Latie Grissill a good tealc better, for as God bode me, you hurd Sir Owen out a cry by maging her sad and powd so, see you?

Marq. Hurt you? what harme or good reape you thereby?

 Owen. Harme,

Owen. Harme, yes by Gods lid, a poggie teale of harme, for loog you cozen, and cozen Iulia, & Shentlemen awl, (for awl is to know her wifes case) you know her tag to wife the widdow Gwenthyan.

Marq. True cozen & shée's a vertuous gentlewoman.

On. One of the patientest Ladies in the world.

Vrc. Shée's wondrous beautifull & wondrous kinde.

Far. Shée's the quietest woman that ere I knew, for good heart, shée'll put vp any thing.

Iul. Cozen I am proude that you are sped so well.

Ow. Are you? by God so are not I, Ile tel you what cozen Marquesse, you awl know her wel, you know her face is liddle faire & smug, but her has a tung goes Iingle iangle, Iingle iangle, petter and worse then pelles when her house is a fire: patient? ha ha sir Owen shall tag her hóles and run to Wales, and her play the tiuell so out a cry terrible a pogs on her la.

Iul. Why cozen what are her quallities that you so commend her?

Ow. Commend her? no by God not I, ha ha: is know her quallities petter & petter, fore I commend her: but Gwenthian is worse and worse out a cry, owe out a cry worse, out of awl cry, shée's fear'd to be made fol as Griffill is, & as God vdge me, her mag fine pobbie fole of Sir Owen, her shide & shide, & prawle & scoulde, by God and scradge terrible somtime, owe & haid her wil doe what her can, ha ha ha, and sir Owen were hansome pacheler agen, pray cozen Marquesse tag some order in Griffill, or tedge sir Owen to mag Gwenthians quiet and tame her.

Marq. To tame her? that Ile teach you presently,
You had no sooner spake the word of Taming,
But mine eye met a speedy remedie,
Sée cozen heere's a plot where Osiers grow,
The ground belongs to olde Ianicula
(My Griffils father) come Sir Meredith,
Take out your knife cut three and so will I,

So, keep yours cozen let them be safe laide vp,
These thrée (thus wound together) Ile preserue.

Ow. What shal her doe now with these? peate and knog her Gwenthian. Enter Mario.

Marq. You shal not take such counsaile from my lips,
How now Mario? what newes brings thee hither in such quicke hasse?

Mari. Your wife (my gratious Lord)
Is now deliuered of two beautious twins,
A sonne and daughter.

Marq. Take that for thy paines,
Not for the ioy that I conceiue thereby,
For Grissill is not gratious in the eye
Of those that loue me, therefore I must hate
Those that doe make my life vnfortunate.
And thats my children: must I not Mario?
Thou bowest thy knee, well, well I know thy minde,
Vertue in villaines can no succour finde,
A sonne and daughter? I by them will proone,
My Grissils patience better, and her loue:
Come Iulia, come Onophrio, cozr farewell,
Reserue those wandes, these three Ile beare away,
When I require them backe, then will I shew
How easily a man may tame a shrew. Exeunt.

Ow. Ha ha ha, tame a shrew, owe tis out a cry terrible hard, and more worse then tame a mad pull, but whad meane her cozen to mag her cut her wands? ha ha, God vdge me tis fine knag, I sée her knauery now, tis to pang Gwenthyans podie and she mag a noise & prabble: Is not so? by Gods lid so, & Gwenthian, sir Owen will knog you before her abide such horrible doe.

Enter Gwenthian and Rice.

Gods lid here her comes. Terdawgh Gwenthian Terdawgh.

Gwe. Terdawgh whee, Sir Owen Terdawgh whee.

Owen. Owe, looge heere, fine wandes Gwenthyan, is not?

Gwe. Rees tag them and preag them in pecces.

Ric. What say you forsooth?

Gwe. What say you forsooth? you saucie knaue, must her tell her once, and twice, and thrice, and foure times, what to doe? preag these wands.

Ow. Rees is petter preake Rees his pate: heere Rees carry her home.

Ri. Would I were at gallowes, so I were not heere:

Gwen. Doe and her tare, doe and her tare, see you now, what shall her doe with wands? peate Gwenthyan? podie and mag Gwenthyan put her finger in me hole: Ya, by God by God, is scradge her eies out that tudge her, that tawg to her, that loog on her, marg you that Sir Owen?

owen. Yes, her marg her, Rees pray marg her Ladie?

Ri. Not I sir, shee'll set her markes on me then.

Gwen. Is prade? is prade? goe to Rees, Ile Rees her, you tawg you.

Owen. Pray Gwenthien bee patient, as her cozen Griffill is.

Gwe. Griffill owe? owe? Griffill? no no, no, no. her shall not mag Gwenthian such ninny pobbie foole as Griffill, I say preage her wandes.

owen. Tods plude is pought her to peate dust out of her cloag and parrels.

Gwe. Peate her cloag and parrels? fie, fie, fie, tis lye Sir Owen tis lye.

Ri. Your worship may stab her, she giues you the lye.

Ow. Peace Rees, goe to, I pought them indeede to mag her horse run and goe a mightie teale of pace, pray let Rees tag her in good Gwenthian?

Gwen. Rees beare in her wandes because Sir Owen bey so gently.

owen. Goe Rees, goe locke them vp in a por or sheet, goe.

Ri. You shal not need to bid me goe, for Ile run. Exit.

Owen. I

Owen. I pought them for her horse indeede, for heere was her cozen Marquesse and prought her pondes and scriblings heere for her money: Gwenthyan pray keepe her pondes and keep her wisely: Sirra Gwenthyan is tell her praue newes, Griffill is prought to bed of liddle gentleman and gentlewoman: (is glad out a cry spraig her faire) yes truely Griffill is prought a bed.

Gwen. Griffils no podie but Griffils? what care I for Griffill: I say if Sir Owen loue Gwenthyan, shal not loue Griffill nor Marquesse so, see you now?

Ow. God vdge me, not loue her cozen? is shealous? owe is fine trig, not loue her cozen? God vdge me her wil, and hang her selfe, see you now?

Gwe. Hang her selfe, owe, owe, owe, Gwenthyans tother husband is scrawne to say hang her selfe: hang her selfe? owe owe, owe owe.

Ow. Gods plude, what cannot get by prawles, is get by owe, owe, owe, is terrible Ladie, pray be peace, and cry no more owe, owe, owe, Tawsone Gwenthyans, God vdge me is very furie.

Gwen. O mon Iago, mon due, hang Gwenthyans?

Ow. Adologo whee Gwenthyan bethogh, en Thorigh, en moyen due.

Gw. Ne vetho en Thonigh, Gna wathe gethla Tee, hang Gwenthyans?

Owen. Sir Owen shall say no more hang her selfe, be out a cry still and her shall pye her new card to ride in, & two new fine horses, and more plew coates and padges ta follow her heeles, see you now?

Gwen. But will her say no more hang her selfe?

Enter Rice.

Ow. Oh no more, as God vdge mee no more, pray leaue, owe, owe, owe.

Ri. Tannekin the Foe hath brought your Rebato, it comes to three pound.

Ow. What a pestilence is this for Gwenthyan?

Gwe. For her neg, is cald repatoes, Gwenthian weare it heere, ilt not praue?

Owen. Praue? yes is praue, tis repatoes I warrant her: I patoes money out a crie, yes tis praue, Rees the preece? Rees the preece?

Ri. The Froe sir saies fiue pound.

Owen. Ha ha ha, pound, Gwenthyan pray doe not pye it. Gwen. By God vdge me her shall pye it.

Owen. God vdge me her shall not.

Gwen. Shall not? Rees tag her away, I say her shall and weare it pye and pye.

Owen. Then mag a pobbie foole of Sir Owen indeed: Gods plude shall? I say shal not: fiue pound for puble, for patoes: here there, so tag it now, weare it now powte her neg, shall pridle sir Owen ha?

Ri. Oh rare sir Owen, oh pretious Kninght, oh rare Sir Owen.

Gwe. Out you raskals, you prade and prade, ile prade your neaces.

Ri. Oh rare Madame, oh pretious Madame, O God, O God, O God, O. Exit.

Gwe. Is domineere now, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, you preake her ponds? Ile teare as good pondes, and petter too, and petter too.

Ow. Diwe Gwenthyan, Cods plude is fiue thousand duckets, hold hold hold, a pogs on her pride, what has her done?

Gw. Goe loog, is now paide for her repatoes, ile haue her willes & desires, ile teadge her pridle her Lady: Catho crogge, Ne vetho, en rhlonigh gna wathee gnathla tee. Exit

Owen. A breath vawer or no Tee: pridle her, sir owen is pridled I warrant: widdows (were petter Gods plude marry whoore) were petter be hang'd and quarter, then marry widowes as God vdge me: Sir owen fall on her knees, & pray God to tag her to her mercy, or else put petter minde in her Lady: awl puttish Shentlemans tag

heede

heede how her marry siren widowe.
Sir owen ap Meredith can rightly tell,
A shrewes sharpe tongue is terrible as hell. Exit.

Enter Marquesse and Furio with an infant in his armes.

Marq. Did she not see thee when thou took'st it vp?
Fur. No, she was fast a sleepe.
Marq. Giue me this blessed burthen, pretty foole
With what an amiable looke it sleepes,
And in that slumber how it sweetly smiles,
And in that smile how my heart leapes for ioy:
Furio Ile turne this circle to a cradle,
To rocke my deare babe: A great Romaine Lord,
Taught his young Sonne to ride a Hobby-horse.
Then why should I thinke scorne to dandle mine:
Furio beholde it well, to whom it like?
Fur. You, there's your nose and blacke eye-browes.

Enter Mario.

Marq. Thou dost but flatter me, heere comes Mario,
I know Mario will not flatter me,
Mario, thy opinion, view this childe,
Doth not his lips, his nose, his fore-head,
And euery other part resemble mine?
Mari. So like my Lord, that the nice difference,
Would stay the iudgement of the curiousst eye.
Marq. And yet me thinkes I am not halfe so browne.
Mari. Indeed your cheekes beare a more liuely colour.
Marq. Furio, play thou the nurse, handle it softly.
Fur. One were better get a dozen then nurse one.
Marq. Mario step to Grissill shee's a sleepe,
Her white hand is the piller to those cares,
Which I vngently lodg'e within her head,
Steale thou the other childe and bring it hither,
If Grissill be awake and striue with thee,

Bring

Bring it perforce, nor let her know what hand,
Hath rob'd her of this other, haste Mario.

Mari. I flie my gratious Lord. Exit.

Marq. Run flatterie, because I did blaspheme and cal it browne,
This Parrasite cride (like an Eccho) browne.

Fur. The childe is faire my Lord, you were mere so faire

Marq. I know tis faire, I know tis wondrous faire,
Deare prettie infant let me with a kisse,
Take that dishonor off, which the foule breath
Of a prophane slaue, laide vpon thy cheekes;
Had but I said my boy's a Blackamoore,
He would haue damn'd himselfe and so haue swore.

Enter Griffill and Mario with a childe.

Gris. Giue me mine infant, where's my other babe?
You cannot plaie the nurse, your horred eyes
Will fright my little ones, and make them crie,
Your tongue's too ruffe to chime a lullabie:
Tis not the pleasure of my Lord I know,
To loade me with such wrong.

Mari. No, I vnloade you. Scoffingly.

Marq. Giue her her childe Mario, and yet staie,
Furio holde thou them both, Griffill forbeare,
You are but nurse to them, they are not thine.

Gri. I know my gratious Lord they are not mine,
I am but their poore nurse I must confesse,
Alas let not a nurse be pittilesse.
To see the colde ayre make them looke thus bleake,
Makes me shed teares because they cannot speake.

Marq. If they could speake, what thinke you they would say?

Gri. That I in all things will your wil obay.

Marq. Obay it then in silence: shall not I

Bestowe

Bestowe what is myne owne, as likes me best:
Deliuer me these brats: come presse me downe,
With weightie infamie: heere is a loade
Of shame, of speckled shame: O God how heauie
An armefull of dishonour is: heeres two,
Grissill for this ile thanke none els but you,
Which way so ere I turne I meete a face,
That makes my cheekes blush at mine owne disgrace.
This way or this way, neuer shall mine eye
Looke thus, or thus: but (oh me) presentlie,
(Take them for Gods sake Furio) presentlie
I shall spend childish teares: true teares indeed,
That thus I wrong my babes and make her bleede,
Goe Grissill get you in.

Gri. I goe my Lorde.
Farewell sweet sweet deare babes, so you were free,
Would all the worlds cares might be throwne on me.

Mar. Ha, ha, why this is pleasing harmonie. (them:

Fu. My Lord they'le wrawle, what shall I doe with

Marq. Tell her thou must prouide a nurse for them
Comes she not backe Mario?

Mari. No my Lord.

Marq. Tush, tush, it cannot be but sheele returne,
I know her bosome beares no marble heart,
I knowe, a tender Mother cannot part,
With such a patient soule, from such sweet soules,
She stands and watches sure, and sure she weepes,
To see my seeming flintie breast, Mario —
Withdraw with me: Furio stay thou heere still,
If she returne, seeme childish, and denie
To let her kisse or touch them. Exeunt

Fur. Faith not I: I haue not such a heart, and shee aske to touch them, Ile deny it because ile obey my Lord, yet she shall kisse and touch them to, because Ile please my Ladie: alas, alas, prettie fooles I loue you well but I would you had a better Nurse.

Enter Grissill stealingly.

Gris. A better Nurse: seek'st thou a better Nurse:
A better Nurse then whome:

Fu. Then you, away.

Gris. I am their Mother I must not away,
Looke, looke, good Furio looke they smile on mee,
I know poore hearts they feare to smile on thee,
I prithee let me haue them.

Fu. Touch them not.

Gri. I prie thee let me touch them.

Fu. No: Hands off.

Gri. I prie thee gentle Furio let me kisse them.

Fu. Not one kisse for a Kings crowne: (them:

Gris. Must I not kisse my babes: must I not touch
Alas what sin so vile hath Grissil done
That thus she should be ver'd: not kisse my infants:
Who taught thee to be cruell gentle churle,
What must thou doe with them:

Fu. Get them a nurse. (dwell

Gris. A Nurse alacke, what Nurse: where must thee

Fu. I must not tell you till I know my selfe,

Gri. For Gods sake who must Nurse them doe but name her,
And I will sweare those firie eyes doe smile,
And I will sweare that which none els will sweare,
That thy grim browes, doe mercies liuerie weare,

Fu. Choose you.

Enter Marquesse, standing aside.

Gris. Oh God, oh God, might Grissill haue her choice
My babes should not be scard with thy diuils voice.
Thou get a Nurse for them: they can abide,
To taste no milke but mine, come, come Ile chide,
In faith you cruell man, Ile chide indeede,
If I growe angrie.

Fu. Do do I care not.

Marq. To chide & curse thy Lord thou hast more need

Gris. Wilt

Gris. Wilt thou not tell me who shall be their Nurse?

Fu. No.

Gris. Wilt thou not let me kisse them?

Fu No I say.

Gris. I prithee let my teares, let my bow'd knees,
Bend thy obdurate hart, see hēr's a fountaine,
Which heauen into this Alablaster bowels,
Instil'd to nourish them: man theyle crie,
And blame thee that this ronnes so lauishly,
Heres milke for both my babes two brests for two.

Marq. Poore babes I weep to sēe what wrong I doe.

Gris. I pray thee let them suck, I am most mēte
To play their Nurse: theyle smile and say tis sweet,
Which streames frō hence, if thou dost beare them hēce,
My angrie breasts will swell, and as mine eyes
Lets fall salt drops, with these white Neter teares,
They will be mixt: this sweet will then be brine,
Theyle crie Ile chide and say the sinne is thine.

Fu. Mine armes ake mightily.
And my heart akes.

Marq. And so doth mine: sweet sounds this discord makes.

Fu. Heere Madame take one, I am weary of both, touch it and kisse it to, its a sweet childe, I would I were rid of my miserie, for I shall drowne my heart, with my teares that fall inward.

Gris. Oh this is gentlie done this is my boy,
My first borne care: thy feete that nere felt ground,
Haue traueld longest in this land of woe,
This worlds wildernes, and hast most neede,
Of my most comfort: oh I thanke thee Furio,
I know I should transforme thee with my teares,
And melt thy adamantine heart like ware,
What wrong shall these haue to be tane from mēe,
Mildely intreate their Nurse to touch them mildely,
For my soule tels me, that my honoured Lord,

Does but to trie poore Griffils constancie,
Yees full of mercie iustice, full of loue.

Marq. My cheekes doe glow with shame to heere her speake,
Should I not weepe for ioy my heart would breake,
And yet a little more Ile stretch my tryall.

Enter Mario and Lepido.

Mario, Lepido?

Both My gracious Lord?

Marq. You shall be witnesse of this open wrong,
I gaue strait charge, she should not touch these brats,
Yet has she tempted with lasciuious teares,
The heart of Furio, see she dandles them,
Take that childe from her: stay, stay, ile commend,
That pittie in thee which Ile reprepend.

Fu. Doe.

Marq. Dare you thus contradict our strait commaunt
But heeres a trustie groome, out hipocrite,
I shall doe Iustice wrong to let thee breath,
For disobaying me.

Grif. My gracious Lord,

Marq. Tempt me not Syren, since you are so louing,
Hold you take both your children, get you gon,
Disrobe her of these rich abiliments,
Take downe her hat, her pitcher and her gowne,
And as she came to me in beggerie,
So driue her to her fathers.

Mari. My deare Lorde.

Marq. Vex me not good Mario if you woe me,
(Or if you shed one teare) to pittie her,
Or if by any drift you succour her,
You loose my fauour euerlastingly,

Both. We must obey since there's no remedye,

Marq. You must be villaines theres no remedie,
Mario, Lepido, you two shall helpe,
To beare her children home.

Grif. I

Gri. It shall not neede I can beare more.
Marq. Thou bearest too much indeed. (content
Gri. Come, come sweet lambes wee'll laugh and liue
Though from the Court we liue in banishment,
These rich attyres are for your mother fit,
But not your nurse, therefore Ile off with it.
Marq Away with her I say.
Gris. Away, away:
Nothing but that colde comfort wee'll obay,
Heauen smile vpon my Lord with gratious eye,
Marq. Driue her hence Lepido.
Lep. Good Madame hence.
Gri. Thus tyranny oppresseth innocence,
Thy lookes seeme heauy, but thy heart is light,
For villaines laugh when wrong oppresseth right. Run
Must we then be driuen hence: Oh see my Lord, to him
Sweet prettie fooles they both smil'd at that word.
They smile as who should say indeede indeede,
Your tongue cryes hence, but your heart's not agree'd,
Can you thus part from them: in truth I know,
Your true loue cannot let these infants goe.
Marq. Shee'll tryumph ouer me doe what I can,
Turnes from her.
Mari. Good Madame hence.
Gri. Oh send one gratious smile
Before we leaue this place: turne not away,
Doe but looke backe, let vs but once more see
Those eyes, whose beames shall breath new soules in (thee.
It is enough now weele depart in ioy,
Nay be not you so cruell, should you two
Be thus driuen hence, trust me I de pitty you.
Marq. Disrobe her presently.
Both. It shall be done.
Grissi. To worke some good deede thus you would not runne. Exeunt.
Marq. Oh Grissill in large Carracters of golde,

Thy vertuous sacred fame shall be enrouide,
Tell me thy iudgement Furio of my wife?

Fur. I thinke my Lord shee's a true woman, for shee loues her children, a rare wife, for shee loues you, (I beleeue you'll hardly finde her match) and I thinke shee's more then a woman, because shee conqueres all wrongs by patience.

Mar. Yet once more will I trye her, presently
Ile haue thee goe to olde Ianicolaes,
And take her children from her, breed some doubt,
(By speeches) in her, that her eyes shall neuer
Beholde them more: beare them to Pauia,
Commend vs to our brother, say from vs,
That we desire him with all kinde respect,
To nurse the infants, and withall conceale,
Their parentage from any mortall eare,
I charge thee on thy life reueale not this,
I charge thee on thy life, be like thy name,
(When thou comst to her) rough and furious.

Fur. Well, I will: It's far from Saluce to Pauia, the children will cry, I haue no teates you know, t'were good you thought vpon it.

Marq. There's golde.

Fu. That's good.

Marq. Prouide them nurses.

Fu. That's better, I will and I can. Exit Furio.

Marq. Away, though I dare trust thy secrecy,
Yet will I follow thee in some disguise,
And try thy faith, and Griffils constancy:
If thou abide vnblemisht, then I sweare,
I haue found two wonders that are sildome rife,
A trusty seruant, and a patient wife. Exit.

Enter Ianicola and Laureo, with burdens of Osiers.

Lau. Father how fare you?

Ian. Very well my sonne,

This

This labour is a comfort to my age,
The Marquesse hath to me been mercifull,
In sending me from Courtly delicates,
To taste the quiet of this country life.

Lau. Call him not mercifull, his tyranny
Exceedes the most inhumaine.

Ian. Peace my sonne,
I thought by learning thou hadst been made wise,
But I perceiue it puffeth vp thy soule,
Thou takst a pleasure to be counted iust,
And kicke against the faults of mighty men:
Oh tis in vaine, the earth may euen as well
Challenge the potter to be partiall,
For forming it to sundry offices:
Alas the errour of ambitious fooles,
How fraile are all their thoughts, how faint, how weake:
Those that doe striue to iustle with the great,
Are certaine to be bruz'd, or soone to breake.
Come, come mell with our Osiers, heere let's rest,
This is olde homely home, & that's still best.

Enter Babulo with a bundle of Osiers in one arme and a childe in another, Grissill after him with another childe.

Bab. Hush, hush, hush, hush, and I daunce mine own childe, and I dance mine owne childe, &c: ha ha, whoop olde Master, so ho ho, looke heere, and I dance mine own childe, &c: heere's sixteene pence a weeke, and sixteene pence a weeke, eight groates, soye and candle, I met her in Osier groue, crying hush, hush, hush, hush: I thought it had been some begger woman, because of her pitcher, for you know they beare such houshold stuffe, to put drinke and porrage together, and I dance mine, &c.

Lau. Oh father now forswearc all patience,
Grissill comes home to you in poore array,
Grissill is made a drudge, a cast-away.

Ian. Grissill is welcome home to pouerty,

How now my childe are these thy pretty babes?

Ba. And I dance myne owne childe: art thou there? art thou there?

Ian. Why art thou thus come home, who sent thee hyther?

Gri. It is the pleasure of my princely Lord,
Who taking some offence, to me vnknowne,
Hath banisht me from care to quietnes.

Ba. A fig for care, olde Master, but now olde graundfire, take this little Pope Innocent, wee'll giue ouer basket making and turne nurses, shee has vnckled Laureo: Its no matter, you shall goe make a fire, Grandfire you shall dandle them, Griffill shall goe make Pap, and Ile licke the skillet, but first Ile fetch a cradle, its a signe tis not a deare yeare, when they come by two at once, heer's a couple quoth Jacke daiue, art thou there? sing Grandfire. Exit.

Ian. What said the Marquesse when he banisht thee?

Gri. He gaue me gentle language, kist my cheeke,
For Gods-sake therfore speake not ill of him,
Teares trickling from his eyes, and sorrowes hand
Stopping his mouth, thus did he bid adue,
Whilst many a deep fetcht sigh from his brest flew.
Therefore for Gods sake speake not ill of him.
Good Lord how many a kisse he gaue my babes,
And with wet eyes bad me be patient,
And by my truth (if I haue any truth)
I came from Court more quiet and content,
By many a thousand part then when I went:
Therefore for Gods lone speake not ill of him.

Lau. O vile deiection of too base a soule,
Hast thou beheld the Paradice of Court,
Fed of rich seuerall meates, bath'd in sweet streames,
Slept on the bed of pleasure, sate inthroned,
Whilst troopes of Saint-like haue adored thee:
And being now throwne downe by violence,

Dost

Doſt thou not enuy thoſe that driue thee thence?

Gri. Far be it from my heart from enuying my Lord
In thought, much leſſe eyther in deed or word.

Lau. Then haſt thou no true ſoule, for I would curſe
From the Sunnes ariſing to his weſterne fall,
The Marqueſſe and his flattering minions.

Gri. By day and night, kinde heauen protect them all,
What wrong haue they done me? what hate to you?
Haue I not fed vpon the Princes coſt?
Been cloath'd in rich attyres, liu'd on his charge?
Looke heere my ruſſet gowne is yet vnworne,
And many a winter more may ſerue my turne,
By the preſeruing it ſo many monthes:
My Pitcher is vnhurt, ſee it is fill'd
With chriſtall water of the criſped ſpring.
If you remember on my wedding day,
You ſent me with this pitcher to the well,
And I came empty home, becauſe I met
The gratious Marqueſſe and his company.
Now hath he ſent you this cup full of teares,
You'll ſay the comfort's colde, well be it ſo,
Yet every little comfort helpes in woe.

Ian. True modle of true vertue, welcome childe,
Thou and theſe tender babes to me are welcome.
We'll worke to finde them foode, come kiſſe them ſoone,
And let's forget theſe wrongs as neuer done.

Enter Babulo with a cradle.

Ba. Come, where be theſe infidels? heere's the cradle of ſecurity, and my pillow of idlenes for them, and their Grandſires cloake (not of hypocriſie) but honeſty to couer them.

Ian. Lay them both ſoftly downe, Griſſill ſit downe,
Laureo fetch you my lute, rocke thou the cradle.
Couer the poore fooles arme, ile charme their eyes,
To take a ſleepe by ſweet tunde lullabyes.

The Song.

GOlden slumbers kisse your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Care is heauy therefore sleepe you,
You are care and care must keep you:
Sleepe pretty wantons doe not cry,
And I will sing a lullabie,
Rocke them rocke them lullabie.

Enter Furio and Marquesse aloofe disguised with baskets.

Fur. Leaue singing.

Ba. We may choose, Grandsire sol fa once more, we'll alla mire him, and he we waile in woe, and who can hinder vs?

Fur. Sirra Scholler read there, it's a commission for mee to take away these children.

Ba. Nay then y'are welcome, there's foure groates, and heere's foure more.

Gri. To take away my children gentle Furio,
Why must my babes beare this vngentle doome?

Fur. Gee looke.

Lau. O misery, O most accursed time,
When to be foes to guilt is helde a crime,
Sister this fiend must beare your infants hence.

Ia. God Grissil beare al wrongs wō patience. Weepes

Gri. Good father let true patience cure all woe,
You bid me be content, oh be you so.

Lau. Father why doe you weepe?

Ian. What can I doe,
Though her he punish, he might pitty you.

Lau. Let's fret and curse the Marquesse cruelly,

Ba. I

Ba. I by my troth that's a good way, we may well do it, now we are out of his hearing.

Gri. Must I then be diuorc'd: and loose this treasure,
I must and am content, since tis his pleasure,
I prie thee tell we whither they must goe:

Fu. No.

Gri. Art thou commaunded to conceale the place:

Fur. I.

Gri. Then will not I inquire, thou dost but iest
I know thou must not rob me, tis to try
If I loue them: no, no, heere I read, (bleede,
That which strikes blinde mine eyes, makes my heart
Farewell, farewell, deare soules, adue adue,
Your father sendes and I must part from you,
I must oh God I must, must is for Kings,
And loe obedience, for loe vnderlings.

Lau. Ye shall not hale them thus, keep them perforce,
This slaue lookes on them with a murdring eye.

Ba. No, he shal not haue them, knocke out his braines, and saue the little hop a my thombes.

Fa. Doe if you dare.

Marq. How now my hearts, what's the matter?

Fu. What car'st thou.

Lau. This is poore Grissil, wife vnto our Duke,
And these her children, thus he sendes her home,
And thus he sends a serpent to deuour,
Their pretious liues he brings commission,
To hale them hence, but whyther none can tell.

Gris. Forbeare, forbeare.

Marq. Take them from him perforce,
Are these his children?

Ba. So she saies.

Marq. Two sweet Duckes, and is this his wife?

Ba. Yes, he has lyne with her.

Mar. A pretty soule, stra thou wilt be hang'd for this.

Fu. Hang thy selfe.

Mar. Beate him, but first take these two from his (armes,
I am a basket maker, and I sweare
Ile dye before he beare away tho babes.

Ba. Oh rare, cry prentises and clubs, the corporation cannot be( )sirra set downe thy baskets and to't pell mell.

Fu. Would I were rid of my office?

Gri. What will you doe, drive this rasche fellowe hence?

Marq. The Marquesse is a tyrant and does wrong.

Gri. I would not for the world that hee should heare thee.

Mar. I would not for ten worlds but heare my Griffil.

Gri. A tyrant, no he's merry euen her selfe,
Justice in triumph rides in his two eyes,
Take heede how thou prophanest high deityes:
Goe Furio, get thee gone: good father helpe me
To guard my deare Lords seruant from this place,
I know hee'll doe my pretty babes no harme,
For see Furio lookes gently: oh get thee gone,
Pitty sits on thy cheekes, but God can tell,
My heart saies my tongue lyes, farewell farewell.

Marq. Stay sirra take thy purse.

Fur. I let none fall.

Ba. Halfe part.

Ia. A purse of golde Furio is faine from thee.

Fu. Its none of mine, sirra basket-maker, if my armes were not full, thou should haue thy handes full: farewel Griffill, if thou neuer see thy children more, curse mee, if thou dost see them againe, thanke God, adue. Exit.

Ba. Farewell and be hang'd.

Gri. I will thanke God for all, why should I grieue,
To loose my children? no no, I ought rather
Reioyce, because they are borne to their Father.

Ia. Daughter, heere's nothing in this purse but golde.

Ba. So much the better, Master we'll quickely turne it

it into siluer.

Ia. This purse that fellow did let fall, run run,
Carry it him againe, run Babulo,
Away with it, tis laide to doe vs wrong.

Lau. Try all their golden baites, stay neuer run,
They can doe no more wrong then they haue done.

Ia. What ayles my Grissill? comfort my childe.

Ba. Ile fetch Rosa solis. (tung

Marq. Poore soule her griefe burnes inward, yet her
Is loath to giue it freedome: I doe wrong,
O Grissill I doe wrong thee and, lament,
That for my sake thou feel'st this languishment.
I came to try a seruant and a wife,
Both haue I proued true, that purse of golde I brought,
And let it fall of purpose to relieue her,
Well may I giue her golde that so much grieue her,
As I came in by stealth, so Ile away,
Joy has a tongue, but knowes not what to say. Exit.

Gri. So father I am well, I am well indeed,
I should doe wondrous ill, should I repine,
At my babes losse for they are none of mine.

Ia. I am glad thou tak'st this wound so patiently.

Ba. Whoope whether is my brother basket-maker gone: ha let me see, I smell a rat, sneakt hence and neuer take leaue, eyther hee's a craftie knaue, or else hee dogs Furio to byte him, for when a quarrell enters into a trade it serues seauen yeares before it be free.

Ia. Let him be whome he will, he seem'd our friend,
Grissill lay vp this golde tis Furioes sure,
Or it may be thy Lord did giue it him,
No let it fall for thee, but keep it safe,
If he disdaine to loue thee as a wife,
His golde shall not buy foode to nourish thee,
Grissill come in, time swiftly runs away,
The greatest sorrow hath an ending day. Exeunt.

Enter Gwenthyan and Rice, she meanely, he like a Cooke.

Gwen. Rees, lay her table, and set out her fittailes, and preades, and wines, and ale, and peare, and salt for her guesse.

Ri. Yes forsoth my Lady but what shal I do with all yonder beggers?

Gwe. Send out the peggers into her Lady, goe.

Ri. How? the beggers in, wee shall haue a louzie feast Madame. _ Exit Rees.

Gwen. You rascals prate no more, but fetch them in: shall pridle Sir Owen a good teale well enough, is warrant her. Sir Owen is gone to bid her cozen Marquesse and a meiny to dyne at her house, but Gwenthyan shall kiue her dinner I warrant her, for peggers shall haue all her meate.

Enter Rees with a company of beggers: a Table is set with meate.

Ri. Come my hearts, troope, trope, euery man follow his leader, heere's my Lady.

All. God blesse your Ladiship, God blesse your Ladiship.

Gwen. I thang you my good peggers, Rees pring stooles, sid awl downe, Rees pring more meate.

Ri. Heere Madame, Ile set it on, tak't off who will.

Beg. Let vs alone for that, my Lady shall we scramble or eate mannerly?

Gwen. Peggers I hobe haue no manners, but first heare me pray you now, and then fall to out a crie.

Beg. Peace, heare my Lady, Jacke-mumble-crust steale no penny loaues.

Gwen. Peggers, awl you know Sir Owen?

All. Passing well, passing well, God blesse his [illegible] ship.

1 Beg. Madame,

1 Beg. Madame, we know him as well as a begger knowes his dish.

Gwe. Awl these fittels is made for Cozen Marquesse: Sir Owen is gone to fedge him, but Sir owen has anger her Ladie.

1 Beg. More shame for him, hee's not a Knight, but a knitter of caps for it.

Gwe. Sir Owen has anger her Lady, and therfore her Lady is anger Sir Owen.

1 Beg. Make him a cuckolde Madame, and vpon that I drinke to you: helter skelter here roagues, top and top gallant, pell mell, huffie tuffie, hem, God saue the Duke, and a fig for the hangman.

Gwen. Rees fedge wine and peares enough, and fall to pegger, and eate awl her sheere, and tomineere, see you now, pray doe.

A drunken feast, they quarrel and grow drunke, and pocket vp the meate, the dealing of Cannes like a set at Mawe.

Exit Rees.

Gwe. May I pray peggers be quiet, tag your meates, you haue trinkes enough I see, and get you home nowe good peggers.

1 Beg. Come you roagues, lets goe tag and rag, cut and long taile, I am victualed for a month, God bo'y Madame, pray God Sir owen and you may fall out euery day: Is there any harme in this now? hey tri-till, giue the dog a loafe, fill the tother pot you whoore & God saue the Duke. Exeunt.

Gwe. I thang you good peggers, ha ha, this is fine sport, by God is haue peggers eate her fittales all day long.

Enter Sir Owen and Rees.

Ow. Where is the sheere Rees? Cods plude where?

Ri. I beseech you sir be patient, I tell you the beggers haue it.

Owen. Wad a pogs is doe with peggers? wad is pegg-

gers

gues do at Knights house? Is peggers Sir Owens guesse Rees?

Ri. No Sir Owen they were my Ladies guesse.

Ow. Ha? you hungry rascalles, where's her Ladie Gwenthyan? Cods plude peggers eate her sheere and cozen Marquesse come.

Ri. I know not where my Lady is, but there's a begger woman, aske her, for my Lady dealt her almes amongst them her selfe.

Ow. A pogs on you pegger whore, where's ther pread and sheere? Cod vdge me Ile pegger you for fittels.

Gwe. Hawld, hawld, hawld, what is mad now? here is her Lady: is her Lady pegger you rascals?

Ri. No sweet Madame, you are my Lady, a man is a man though he haue but a hose on his head, and you are my Lady though you want a hood.

Ow. How now? how now? ha ha, her Ladie in tawny coate, and tags and rags so? where is her meate Gwenthian?, where is her sheere? her cozen Marquesse is heere and great teale of Shentlefolkes and Laties and Lawrdes pie and pie.

Gwe. What care her for Laties or cozen too, fittels is awl gone.

Ow. Owe, gone? is her Ladie mad?

Gwen. No, our Lord is mad, you teare her ruffes and repatoes, and pridle her, is her pridled now? is her repatoed now? is her teare in peeces now? Ile tedge her pridle her Lady againe, her cozen Marquesse shall eate no pread and meate heere, and her Ladie Gwenthians will goe in tags and rags, and like pegger to vere and chase sir Owen, see you now?

Owen. A pogs see her, Cods plude, what is doe now Rees?

Ri. Speake her faire Master for shee lookes wildely.

Owen. Is looke wildely indede, Gwenthian pray goe in, and put prauerie vpon her packe and pelly, Cod vdge me

me is pie new repatoes and ruffes for her Lady, pray doe so, pray good Ladyes.

Ri. Doe good Madame.

GW. Cartho crogge, Cartho crogge, Gwenthian scornes her flatteries, her Lady goe no petter, Sir Owen hang her selfe.

Ow. O mon Iago, her Pritish plude is not indure it by God: a pogs on her, put on her fine coates is pest, put on, goe to, put on.

Ri. Put off Sir Owen and shee'll put on.

Gwe. A pogs on her, is put on none, but goe like pegger.

Ow. Rees goe mag more fire, and let her haue more sheere.

Gwen Rees mag fire, and Ile scalde her like pigge, see you now?

Ri. I shall be peppered how ere the market goes.

Ow. Mag great teale of fires, or Sir Owen shall knog your eares.

Gwen. Make litle teale of fire, or Gwenthian shall cut off your eares: and pob you, & pob you Rees, see you now?

Ri. Holde good Madame, I see you and feele you too, y'are able to set stones together by th'eares: I beseech you be quiet both, Ile make a fire Sir Owen to please you.

Ow. Doe Rees Ile pridle her Ladies well enough.

Gwen. Will you, you rascals?

Ri. Nay but heare you sweet Madame, Ile make a fire to please Sir Owen, and when it burnes, Ile quench it to please you. Exit.

Enter Farnezie apace.

Far. Ha ha ha, why how new Sir Owen, your Cozen the Marquesse and all your guestes are at hand, and I see no meate towards. (ward.

Ow. Is no meate toward, but her Laty is ferre onto-

Far. What bagadge is this stands laughing thus?

Ow. A pogs on her, tis our Laty bagadge tis Gwen-

 thyan,

thian?

Fa. How my Lady Gwenthian? ha ha ha.

Enter Marquesse, Iulio, Onophria, Vincenze, Mario.

Marq. You see Sir Owen we are soone inuited, where is your wife the Lady Gwenthian?

Owen. As come pie and pie, Cod bodge me Gwenthian pray put on your prauerie and fine knags, and shame not Sir Owen, yes truely Gwenthian is come out pie and pie, Man gras worthe whee coyen Marguesse, Man gras worthe whee coyen Iulia, is welcome awl.

Fa. Ha ha welcome, come come Madame appeare in your likenes, or rather in the likenes of another, my Lord y'are best send backe to your owne Cookes, if you meane to set your teeth a worke to day.

Marq. Why Farnezze what's the matter?

Fa. Pray there's no matter in it, the fire's quencht, the victuals giuen to beggers, Sir Owens Kitchin lookes like the first Chaos, or like a Brokers stall, full of odde ends: or like the end of some terrible battle, for vpon euery dresser lyes legges and feathers, and heads of poore Capons and wilde foule that haue bin drawne and quartred, and now mourne that their carkasses are carried away: his are not reuomatiche, for there's no spitting heere lye fish in a pittifull pickle, there standes the coffins of pyes, wherein the dead bodies of birdes should haue been buried, but their ghostes haue forsaken their graues & walkt abroad: the best sport is to see the scullians, some laughing, some crying, & whilst they wipe their eies they blacke their faces, the Cookes curse her Lady, and some pray for our Lord.

Marq. Sir Owen Meredith is all this true? (true.

Ow. True, et is true I warrant her pogs on her too

Ono. You tolde his Grace you had tam'd your wife,

Owen. By Cod is tell yer a lye foen, her wife has pri-

ble

bled & taw'd her indeed: cozen Marquesse because Griffill is made foole and turne away, Gwenthian mag foole of sir owen: is good: ha, is good?

Gwen. Tis lye cozen Marquesse, is terrible lye: rawsone en Ennoh Cwewle, tis lye, tis lye, sir Owen teare her repatoes and ruffes, and pridle her Latie, & bid her hang her selfe, but is pridled I warrant her, is not Sir Owen?

owe. Adologg whee bethogh en Thlonigh, en Moyen due, Gwenthian.

Gwe. Ne vetho en thlonigh, gna watha gethla Tee.

Vrc. What sayes the sir Owen?

Owe. I pray & pray her for Cods loue be quiet, splude her say her will not be quiet, do what Sir owen can: mon due Gwenthian, Me knocke the pen, en vimpleth, pobe des, and pobe nose.

Gwe. Gwenogh olcha vessagh whee, en herawgh, &c.

Iu. Stand betweene them Farneze.

Far. You shall bob no nose heere.

Gwe. En herawgh Ee? me grauat the Legatee, athlan oth pendee adroh ornymee on dictar, en hecar Tee.

Ono. Doth she threaten you Sir owen? binde her to the peace.

owe. By Cod is threaten her indeed, her saies shee'll scradge out Sir owens eyes, and her crowne vpon her, a pogs on her nailes.

Marq. Oh my deare Griffill, how much different
Art thou to this curst spirit heere, I say
My Griffils verturs shine Sir Meredith.
And Cozen Gwenthian come Ile haue you friends,
This dinner shall be saw'd and all shall say,
Tis done, because tis Gwenthians fasting day.

Gwe. Gwenthian scawines to be friendes, her Latie will be Master Sir owen.

ow. By Cod Ile see her Latie hang'd first: cozen Marquesse & cozens awl, pray tag time & stay heere, Rees shall

 bleue

dressle more fittels, and shall dine her in spite of her Ladie: Cod sploude Rees Rees. Exit.

Owe. Will you? Is try that pie and pie: Stethe whee lawer; Cozen Marguesse Stethe whee lawer Shentlemen, Owenthian is not pridled so soone. Exit.

Marq. Ile see the peace kept sure, doe what he can, I doubt his wife will prooue the better man. Exit.

Iul. Signior Mario you say nothing, how like you this interlude?

Mari. So well Madame, that I rather wish to play the begger, then a kinges part in it in Sir Owens apparrell.

Iul. Why this it is to be married, thus you see those that goe to wooe, goe to woe, oh for a Drum to summon all my louers, my suiters, my seruants together.

Fa. I appeare sweet mistresse without summons.

Ono. So does Onophrio.

Vrc. So does Vrcenze.

Iul. Signior Emulo I see will not bee seene without calling.

Far. No faith Madame, he's blowne vp, no calling can serue him, hee has tane another manner of calling vpon him, and I hope repents the folly of his youth.

Iu. If he follow that vocation well, he'll prooue wealthy in wit.

Vrc. He had need for his head is very poore.

Far. Well mistris wee appeare without drumming, what's your parley (and yet not so) your eyes are the drums that summons vs.

Vrc. And your beauty the colours we fight vnder.

Ono. And the touch of your soft hand, armes vs at al pointes with deuotion to serue you, desire to obey you, and vowes to loue you.

Iu. May then in faith make me all souldier, mine eies a drum, my beautie your colours, and my hand your armour: what becomes of the rest?

Fa. It

Far. It becomes vs to rest, before we come to the rest; yet for a neede we could turne you into an armourie: as for example, your lips (let me see) no point of war for your lips: can I put them to no vse but kissing: oh yes, if you change them to shoote out vnkinde language to vs that stand at your mercie, they are two culuerins to destroy vs.

Iul. That ile trie: my tongue shall giue fire to my words presently.

All. Oh bemore merciſull faire Iulia.

Iul. Not I, would you haue mee pittie you and punnish my selfe: would you wish me to loue: when loue is so full of hate: how vnlouely is loue: how bitter: how ful of blemishes, my Lord and brother insults our Grissill, that makes me glad, Gwenthyan curbs Sir Owen, that makes you glad, Sir Owen is maistred by his Mistris that makes you mad, poore Grissil is martred by her Lord that makes you merrie, for I alwaies wish that a womã may neuer meete better bargaines, when sheele thrust her sweet libertie into the hands of a man: fye vpon you, you're nothing but woormewood, and oake, and glasse: you haue bitter tongues, hard hearts, and brittle faith.

Ono. Condemne vs not till you trye our loues.

Iul. Sweet seruant speake not in this language of loue, Gwenthyans peeuishnes and Grissils patience, make me heere to defie that Ape Cupid, if you loue stand vpon his lawes, I charge you leaue it, I charge you neither to sigh for loue, nor speake of loue, nor frowne for hate: if you sigh ile mocke you, if you speake ile stop mine eares, if you frowne ile bend my fist.

Far. Then youle turne warriour in deede.

Iul. Had I not neede encountring with such enemies: but say will you obay and follow mee or disobay, and Ile flie you.

Ono. I obay since it is your pleasure.

Vre. I obay though I taste no pleasure in it.

Farn. I obay to, but so God helpe me mistris I shall shew you a faire paire of heeles and crie a new Mistris a new, if any pittifull creature will haue me.

Iul. Better lost then found if you be so wauering.

Enter Marquesse, Lepido, Sir owen, Gwenthyan braue, and Furio.

Marq. Furio hie thee to olde Ianicolaes,
Charge him, his daughter Grissil, and his Sonne
To come to Court, to doe such office,
Of duetie to our marriage, as shall like
Our state to lay vpon them.

Iul. Oh my Lord,
Vex not poore Grissill more, alas her heart,

Marq. Tut tut, ile haue my will and tame her pride,
Ile make her be a seruant to my bride,
Iulia Ile bridle her.

Iul. You doe her wrong.

Marq. Sister correct that errour, come Sir owen,
Is not this better musicke then your braules?

ow. Yes as God bdg me is: how cozen Iulia, is out a crie friends now, Gwenthyan is laugh & be ferie patience now Sir Owen kisse her Ladie, a great teale now: see els?

Far. I but Sir owen, the kissing her Lady is no muth to vs, if wee kisse the posse.

owe. Owe her cozen Marquesse has terrible mightie newes for tell her, or els is made readie a great banquit at home for a wil, pray come home, is a wll ready for her, her Ladie say not boepeepe now: but first heare her cozen Marquesse newes.

Marq. Iulia and Gentlemen these are the newes,
Brought on the wings of hast and happines,
By trustie Lepido our endeared brother,
Is hard at hand who in his companie,
Brings my faire second choice a worthie bride,

Attended

Attended by the States of Pauia,
Shees daughter to the Duke of Brandenburgh,
Now shall no subiects enuious soule repine,
And call her base whome now I will make mine,
None shall vpbraid me now, (as they haue done)
That I will slay a daughter and a Sonne,
Grissils, two babes are dead, and kild by scorne,
But that faire issue that shall now be borne
Shall make a satisfaction of all wrongs.
Come gentlemen we will goe meete this traine,
Let euerie one put on a smiling browe,
Sir Owen I will haue your company,
And your's faire cozen: well remembred to,
Bring your three wands Sir Owen to the Court,
Though Gwenthyan looke with a smoother eye,
Ile teach you how to win the soueraigntie.

Ow. Is glad of that, ha, ha, ha, tag heed of wands Lady,

Gwen. Tag heede of nailes knight,

Marq. We play the vnthrifts in consuming time,
Though your curst wife make some afraid to woe
Yet Ile woe once more and be married to.

Ow. Cod voge me Sir Owen would hang before her marrie once more, if I were another Patcheler: marie owe. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Laureo reading and Babulo with him.

Bab. Come I haue left my worke to see what matter you mumble to your selfe, faith Laureo I would you could leaue this lattin, and fal to make baskets, you think tis enough if at dinner you tell vs a tale of Pignies, and then mounch vp our victuals, but that fits not vs: or the historie of the well Helicon, & then drinke vp our beare we cannot liue vpon it.

Lau. A Scholler doth disdaine to spend his spirits,
Vpon such base imploiments as hand labours.

Bab. Then

Ba. Then you should disdaine to eate vs out of house & home: you stand all day peeping into an ambrie there, and talke of monsters and miracles, and countries to no purpose: before I fell to my trade I was a traueller, and found more in one yeare then you can by your poets and paltries in seauen yeares.

Lau. What wonders hast thou seene, which are not heere?

Ba. Oh God, I pittie thy capacitye good scholler: as a little wind makes a sweet ball smell, so a crumme of learning makes your trade proude: what wonders? wonders not of nine daies, but 1599. I haue seene vnder Iohn Prester and Tamer Cams people, with heds like Dogs.

Lau. Alas of such there are too manie heere,
All Italie is full of them that snarle,
And bay and barke at other mens abuse
Yet liue themselues like beastes in all abuse.

Bab. Its true I know manie of that complexion, but I haue seene many without heads, hauing their eyes nose and mouths in their breasts.

Lau. Whie thats no wonder, euerie streete with vs, Swarmes full of such,

Ba. I could neuer see them.

Lau. Dost thou not see our wine-bellie drunkards reele?
Our fat fed gluttons wallow in the streetes,
Hauing no eyes but to behold their guts,
No heads but braineles scalpes, no sence to smell,
But where full feastes abound in all excesse
These Epimœi be our Epicures.

Ba. I haue seene monsters of that colour to: but what say you to them that haue but one leg, and yet will out run a horse?

Lau. Such are our banckrouts and our fugitiues,
Scarse hauing one good leg, or one good limbe,
Out run their creditors, and those they wrong.

Bab. Was

Ba. Was tis true there was a cripple in our village, ran beyond Venice, and his Creditors with their best legs could neuer since take him, but let me descend & grow lower and lower, what say you to the litle litle Pigmies, no higher then a boyes gig, and yet they tug & fight with the long neckt Cranes.

Lau. Oh poore and wretched people are the Pigmies,
Oh rich oppressors the deuouring Cranes,
Within my fathers house Ile shew thee Pigmies,
Thou seest my sister Grissill shee's a Pigmie.

Ba. Shee's a pretty little woman indeed, but too big for a Pigmie.

Lau. I am a Pigmie.

Ba. Fye fye, worse and worse.

Lau. My olde father's one.

Ba. No no no, Giants all.

Lau. The Marquesse is the rich deuouring Crane,
That makes vs lesse then Pigmies, worse then wormes.

Enter Ianicola with an Angling rod, Grissill with a reele, and Furio.

Ba. Ponder they come and a Crane with them.

Fur. Ianicola, leaue your fish-catching, and you your reeling, you and you sirra you must trudge to Court presently.

Ian. Must we againe be harried from content?
To liue in a more grieuous banishment.

Lau. Me thinkes my Lord the Marquesse should bee
With mariage of another, and forbeare, (pleas'd
With trumpets to proclaime this iniurie,
And to vere Grissill with such lawlesse wrong.

Gri. Tis no vexation, for what pleaseth him,
Is the contentment of his hand-maides heart.

Fur. Will you goe?

Ian. Yes we will goe,
To flye from happines to finde out woe.

Ba. Good Furio vanish, we haue no appetite, tell your Master, Clowns are not for the Court, wee'll keepe Court our selues, for what doe Courtiers but wee doe the like: you eate good cheere, and wee eate good bread and cheese: you drinke wine, and we strong beare: at night you are as hungry slaues as you were at none, why so are wee: you goe to bed, you can but sleepe, why and so doe wee: in the morning you rise about eleuen of the clocke, why there we are your betters, for wee are going before you: you weare silkes, and wee sheepe-skinnes, innocence caries it away in the world to come, and therefore vanish good Furio, torment vs not good my sweet Furio.

Fur. Asse Ile haue you snaffled,

Ba. It may be so, but then Furio Ile kicke.

Fu. Will you goe, or shall I force you?

Gri. You neede not, for Ile run to serue my Lord,
Or if I wanted legs, vpon my knees
Ile creepe to Court so I may see him pleas'd,
Then courage Father.

Ian. Well said patience,
Thy vertues arme mine age with confidence,
Come son, bond-men must serue, shall we away?

Lau. I, I, but this shall prooue a fatall day.

Gri. Brother, for my sake doe not wrong your selfe.

Lau. Shall I in silence bury all our wrongs?

Gri. Yes when your words cannot get remedy,
Learne of me Laureo I that share most woe,
Am the least moou'd, father leane on mine arme,
Brother leade you the way, whilst wretched I
Vpholde olde age, and cast downe miserie.

Fu. Away.

Ba, Dido O, you haue sight faire & catcht a frog. Exeunt

Enter Marquesse, Paula Lepido, Onophrio, Vrcenzi, Farnezi, and Mario.

Marq. Lords as you loue our State, affect our louer,

Like

Like of your owne content, respect your liues,
Urge vs no further, Gwalter is resolu'd,
To marry the halfe heyre of Brandenburgh,
My brother Paula with no small expence,
Hath brought the Princesse out of Germany,
Together with Prince Gwalter her young brother,
Now they are come, learne of the rising Sunne,
Scatter the cloudy mistes of discontent,
As he disperceth vapours with his beames.

Pau. Brother, there is no eye but brightly shines,
Gladnes doth lodge in your Nobles lookes,
Nor haue they any cause to cloude their browes.

Enter Sir Owen, Gwenthian, and Rees with wandes.

Far. Oh heere comes Sir Owen, and my Lady patience, roome there.

Owen. Tardaugh Cozen Marquesse & Lawrdes awl.

Mar. Welcome good cozen Gwenthian, wil you pleas. Goe in, and lend your presence to my bride?

Gwe. Cozen, tis her intentions so to do, but I swears and I were Griffill, I would pull her eyes out, & she were as many Shermaines daughter as there be owes in Cambria, and that is aboue twenty score and a lidle more, you know Sir Owen?

Ow. Yes truely aboue a dozen more is warrant her.

Marq. Griffill is patient Madame, be you pleas'd.

Gwen. Well, and she bee so baselies minded tis well, but I know what I know, Sir Owen heere thinkes to make Gwenthians so patience, sir owen tis awl in vaines, well I goe to her Brides. Exit.

Ow. You prade and you taug Gwenthians, but I made you put on parrels for awl your taug and prade: Rees, where's Rees pring the wandes heere Rees.

Ri. They are heere sir, in the twinckling of an eye.

Owe. Cozen, when her weddings are done and at leasures, I will learne your medicines to tame shrewes.

 Mar. You

Marq. You shall anon good Cozen Meredith.

Ow. Stand by Rees, walke in the halles among the Seruingmans, keepe her wandes till I call, heare you now?

Enter Furio.

Ri. Yes Sir. Exit.

Marq. Furio, are Griffill and the other come?

Fur. Yes, they are come.

Marq. Are they imployed according to our charge?

Fu. They are.

Marq. How does her brother take it?

Fu. Ill.

Marq. How her Father?

Fu. Well.

Marq. How her selfe?

Fu. Better.

Marq. Furio, goe call out Griffill from the Bride.

Fu. I will. Exit Furio.

Farn. It's pitty that fellow was not made a Soldier, hee should haue but a word and a blow at his hands.

Enter Ianicola and Babulo carrying coales, Laureo with wood, Griffill with wood.

Ba. Master goe you but vnder the Cole-staffe, Babulo can beare all, staffe basket and all.

Ian. It is the Marquesse pleasure I must drudge,
Loade me I pray thee, I am borne to beare.

Lau. But Ile no longer beare a logger head,
Thus Ile cast downe his fewell in dispight,
So, though my heart be sad, my shoulder's light.

Gri. Alas what doe you brother, see you not
Our dread Lord yonder? come performe his will,
Oh in a subject this is too too ill.

Marq. What mean'st thou fellow to cast downe thy (loade?

Lau. I haue cast downe my burthen not my loade,
The loade of your grosse wrongs lyes here like leade.

Marq. What fellow is this?

Gri. Your

Gris. Your handmaid Grissils brother,
Marq. Take him away into the Porters lodge,
Lau. Lodge me in dungeons, I will still exclaime,
On Gwalters cursed acts and hated name. Exit. with Man.
Marq. Grissill Take you his load and beare it in.
Ba. Oh tiger minded monstrous Marquesse, make thy Ladie a collier?
Marq. Whats that that villiane prates so?
Bab. God blesse the noble Marquesse,
Marq. Sirha take you his coales, Grissill depart,
Returne but beare that first, (at him.
Gris. With all my heart. Exeunt. Gris. and Ba. grinning
Marq. Stay you Ianicola, I haue heard you sing.
Ian I could haue sung when I was free from care.
Marq. What grief can in your aged bosome lie?
Ian. Griefe that I am vngratious in your eye,
Ba. Then would he not desire your company.

Enter Grissill.

Marq. Ianicola here is a bridall song,
Play you the Larke to greete my blessed sunne,
Grissill are you return'd? play you the morning,
To leade forth Gratiana my bright bride:
Goe in and waite on her Ianicola.
Sing Hymeneus himmes, musicke I say. Exit. Grissill.
Ow. Tawsone Tawsone Cozens aul, and here harmonies and sol facs.

The Song.

Song. Beautie arise, shew foorth thy glorious shining,
Thine eyes feed Loue, for them he standeth pyning,
Honour and youth attend to doe their duetie,
To thee (their onely soueraigne) Beautie,
Beautie arize, whilst we thy seruants sing,
Loue to Hymen wedlocke iocund King,
Io to Hymen Io Io sing.
of wedlock, loue, and youth is Hymen King,

Beautie

Beauty arise, beauty arise, thy glorious lightes display,
Whilst we sing Io, glad to see this day,
Io Io to Hymen Io Io sing,
Of wedlocke, loue, and youth is Hymen King.

Marq. Art thou as glad in soule as in thy song?

Ian. Who can be glad when he indureth wrong?

Ow. As God vode me Ian Niclas is honest man, hee does not flatter and sembles, but tell his intentions: owe more melodies, owe heere come her new pride.

Musicke sounds, enter Griffill alone, after her the Marquesse Sonne and daughter, Iulia, Gwenthian and other Ladies, and Mario and Furio.

Marq. Salute my beautious loue.

All. All ioy betide to Gratiana our deare Marquesse Bride.

Marq. Bring me a crowne of gold to crowne my loue,
A wreath of willow for dispised Griffill.

Gri. Griffill is not despised in your eye,
Sithence you name her name so gently.

Ow. Gwenthians there's wiues, there's patient wiues

Gwe Fuh fuh is fooles, Tawsone is arrant pebie fooles.

Marq. Griffill place you this crowne vpon her head,
Put these imbroidered slippers on her feete,
Tis well, deliuer me your wedding ring,
Circle her finger with it, now stand by,
Art thou content with all?

Gri. Content with all.

Marq. My Bride is Crown'd, now tell me all of you,
Which of you euer saw my loue before?
What is her name, her birth, place, or estate,

Lep. Till now I neuer beheld her beautie.

Ono. Nor I. Vrc. Trust me nor I.

Far. By my troth, nor I.

Mari. We heare that she was borne in Germany,
And halfe heyre to the Duke of Brandenburgh.

Marq. You

Marq. You all heare this, and all thinke this?
All. We doe.
Marq. Then Fu. stand thou forth, Lords in his breft
A loyall seruants true soule doth rest,
Furio shall be apparelled in a robe.
Fur. I shall not become it.
Marq. Some that are great put robes on Parasites,
Mario, Lepido come you two hither,
Are not you richly clad? haue I done so?
Both. What meanes your grace by this?
Marq. Graceless, haue done,
Truth, sildome dwels in a still talking tongue,
Furio bring Laureo from the Porters lodge,
Take in Ianicola, and cloath them both
In rich abiliments, they shall awhile
Be flattered with false fortunes wanton smiles.
Ia. Fortune can do no more then she hath done,
They that are markt to woe, to woe must run. Exit Furio
Marq. How doe you like my Bride? & Ianicola.
Gri. I thinke her bleft.
To haue the loue of such a noble Lord.
Marq. You flatter me.
Grisi. Indeed I speake the truth,
Onely I prostrately beseech your grace,
That you consider of her tender yeares,
Which as a flower in spring may soone be nipt,
With the least frost of colde aduersity.
Marq Why are not you then nipt? you stil seeme fresh
As if aduersities colde Icie hand,
Had neuer laide his fingers on your heart.
Gri. It neuer touch't my heart, aduersity
Dwels still with them that dwels with misery,
But milde content hath eas'd me of that yoake,
Patience hath borne the bruize and I the stroke.
Enter Furio, Ianicola, and Laureo, striuing about attyre,

Lau. Giue

Lau. Giue him his silkes they shal not touch my back
Marq. What strife is there, what aileth Laureo?
Lau. I will not weare proud trappings like a beast,
Yet hourelie feele the scornfull riders spurre,
Marq. Cloth olde Ianicola in rich attire,
Ian. Doe, load me, for to beare is my desire.
Marq. Doe ye repine, nay then ile bey you more,
Grissill I will receiue this second wife
From none but from thy hands: come giue her mée,
Gris. I heere present you with an endlesse blisse,
Rich honour, beautious vertue, vertuous youth,
Long liue my Lord with her contentedly.
owe. Marg patience there Gwenthyan see you thade?
Marq. Grissill dost thou deliuer me this maide,
As an vntainted flower which I shall keepe,
Despite of enuies canker, till the rust,
Of all consuming death finish her lilse?
Gri. I doe my deare Lord, and as willingly
As I deliuered vp my maiden youth.
Marq. What saies Ianicola?
Ia. I say but thus,
Great men are Gods, and they haue power ore vs,
Marq. Grissill hold fast the right hand of my bride,
Thou wearst a willow wreath and she a crowne,
True bride take thou the crowne and she the wreath,
Mari. My gratious Lord you doe mistake your selfe.
Marq. Peace peace, thou Siccophant Grissil receiue
Large interests for thy loue and sufferance.
Thou gau'st me this faire maide, I in exchange,
Returne thee her: and this young Gentleman
Thy Sonne and daughter kisse with patience,
And breath thy vertuous spirit into their soules.
Gwe. Diwe Sir Owen marg you now, the man is yéelded to her Latie, lerne now Sic owen learne, learne Knight your ductie, see you thade?
Marq. Why stands my wronged Grissil thus amazed?
Gris. Joy,

Gris. Joy feare, loue hate, hope doubts incompasse me.
Are these my children I supposed slaine?
Ia. Are these my nephewes that were murdred?
Gri. Blessing distill on you like morning deaw,
My soule knit to your soules, knowes you are mine.
Ma. They are, & I am thine: Lords loke not strange,
These two are they, at whose birthes enuies tongue,
Darted enuenom'd stings, these are the fruite
Of this most vertuous tree, that multitude,
That many headed beastes, nipt their sweet hearts,
With wrongs, with bitter wrongs, al you hane wrong'd
My selfe haue done most wrong, for I did try (her,
To breake the temper of true constancie:
But these whom all thought murdred are aliue,
My Grissill liues, and in the booke of Fame,
All worldes in golde shall register her name.
Le.Mar. Most dreaded Lord.
Marq. Arise flatterers get you gone, Exeunt Lep.Ma.
Your soules are made of blacke confusion.
Father Ianicola.
Ia. My pardon me,
Though dumbe betwirt my griefe and ioy I be.
Marq. Who stands thus sad, what brother Laureo?
Eau. Pardon me my gratious Lord, for now I see,
That Schollers with weake eyes, pore on their bookes,
But want true soules to iudge on Maiestie:
None else but Kings can know the hearts of Kings,
Hence forth my pride shall fly with humbler wings.
Marq. Our pardon and our loue circle thee round,
Lets all to banquet, mirth our cares confound.
Ow. Holde, holde, holde, banquet? if you banquet so, Sir Owen is like to haue sherre, her Latie heere is cog a hoope now at this, pray Cozen keepe your promise, Rees the wandes Rees, your medicines and fine trigs to tame shrewes.
Marq. Furio where be the wands that I bound vp?

 Fur. Heere

Fur. Heere my Lord.

Marq. I wreath'd them then sir Owen, and you see
They still continue so, wreath you these three.

Ow. Diwe winde them, yes is winde them and mag good mightie cudgell, to tame and knog her Latie, and she prawle, or crie, or giue preade and meate to peggers, or teare pendes, by Cod is well remembred too, Cozen you promis'd to helpe her to her Duckegs, for all her paper and pondes is torne.

Mar. And I wil kéep my promise, wreath your wands

Owen. Diwe Gods lid mine is stubberne like Gwenthians, Gods plude see it preakes in snip snap péces, what now Cozen?

Marq. But cozen these you see did gently bowe,
I tride my Grissils patience when twas greene,
Like a young Osier, and I moulded it
Like ware to all impressions: married men
That long to tame their wiues must curbe them in,
Before they néed a bridle, then they'll prooue
All grissils full of patience, full of loue,
Yet that olde tryall must be tempered so,
Leaft seeking to tame them they master you.

Owen. By Cod is true as Pistle and Gospel, oh true out a cry.

Marq. But you Sir Owen giuing her the head,
As you gaue liberty to those three wandes,
Shee'll breake as those doe, if you bend her now,
And then y'are pact all helpe, for if you striue,
You'll gaine as gamesters doe that sildome thriue.

owe. What shall doe to her Latie then? is pest run away cozen, or knog her braines out? for is as faliant as Mars if I be anger.

Iul. That were a shame eyther to run away from a woman, or to strike her, your best Phisicke Sir Owen, is to weare a veluet hand, leaden eares, and no tongue, you must not fight howsoeuer she quarrels, you must be deafe

when

whensoeuer she brawles, and dumbe when your selfe should brabble: take this cawdle nert your heart euery morning, and if your wife be not patient, the next remedy that I know is, to buy your winding sheete.

Gwe. Cozen Marquesse, cozen Iulia, and Lawrds and Laties all, it shall not need as her cozen has tryed Grissill, so Gwenthian has Sir Owen.

Ow. Owe, by Cod is thought should pull her downe, ah ha.

Gwe. Is not pul'd downe neither, but sir Owen shal be her head, and is sorry has anger her head and mag it ake, but pray god Knight be not proude & triumph too much & treade her Latie downe, God vdge mee will tag her will againe doe what her can.

Ow. By Cod is loue her out a cry now, sir owen could tame her before, but Pittish ploude scawrnes to ride w̃ Laties, yes faith scornes out a cry, a pogs ont tis nought: Gwenthian shall no more be call'd Gwenthian but patient Grissill, ah ha is.

Marq. Our ioyes are compleate, forward to our feast, Patience hath won the prize and now is blest.

Iu. Nay brother your pardon awhile: besides our selues there are a number here, that haue behelde Grissils patience, you owne tryals, and Sir Owens sufferance, Gwenthians frowardnes, these Gentlemen louertine, and my selfe a hater of loue: amongst this company I trust there are some mayden batchelers, and virgin maydens, those that liue in that freedome & loue it, those that know the war of mariage and hate it, set their hands to my bill, which is rather to dye a mayde and leade Apes in hell, then to liue a wife and be continually in hell.

Gwen. Iulia by your leaues a lidle while, you taug and you prable about chidings in mariages, and you abuse yong mens and damsels, & fraide them from good sportes and honorable states: but heare you now, awl that bee sembled heere, know you that discord's mag good mu-

sicke, and wheu loners fall out is soone fall in, and tis god you knaw: pray you al be maried, for wedlocke increases peobles and cities, awl you then that haue husbands that you would pridle, set your hands to Gwenthians pill, for tis not fid that poore womens should be kept alwaies vnder.

Marq. Since Iulia of the maides, and Gwenthian
Of froward wiues, intreate a kinde applaude,
See Grissill among all this multitude,
Who will be friend to gentle patience?

Ow. Ha ha ha, Grissil is weary, pray let sir owen speag Grissill is patient, and her cozen is patient, therefore is speage for two, Gods plude you see her Latie is spride of buttrie, yet sir owen tame her and teare her ruffes, & mag her cry and put on her parrels, and say is sorry Sir owen, marg that well: if sir owen was not patient, her Latie had not beene pridled, if Grissill had not beene patient her cozen Marquesse had not been pridled: well now if you loue sir owens Latie, I hope you loue sir owen too, or is grow mighty angry, sir owen loue you as God doge mee out a cry, a terrible teale, doe you heare now, then pray awl that haue crabbed husbands and cannot mend them, as Grissils had, and awl that haue firen wiues, and yet is tame her well enough as sir owen does, & awl that haue scoldes as sir owen does, and awl that loue faire Laties as sir owen does, to sed her two hands to his pill, and by God shall haue sir owens heard and soule in his pellie: and so God saue you all. Man gras wertha whee, Man gras wertha whee. God night Cozens awl. Exeunt.

FINIS.